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BEYOND THE RUTS

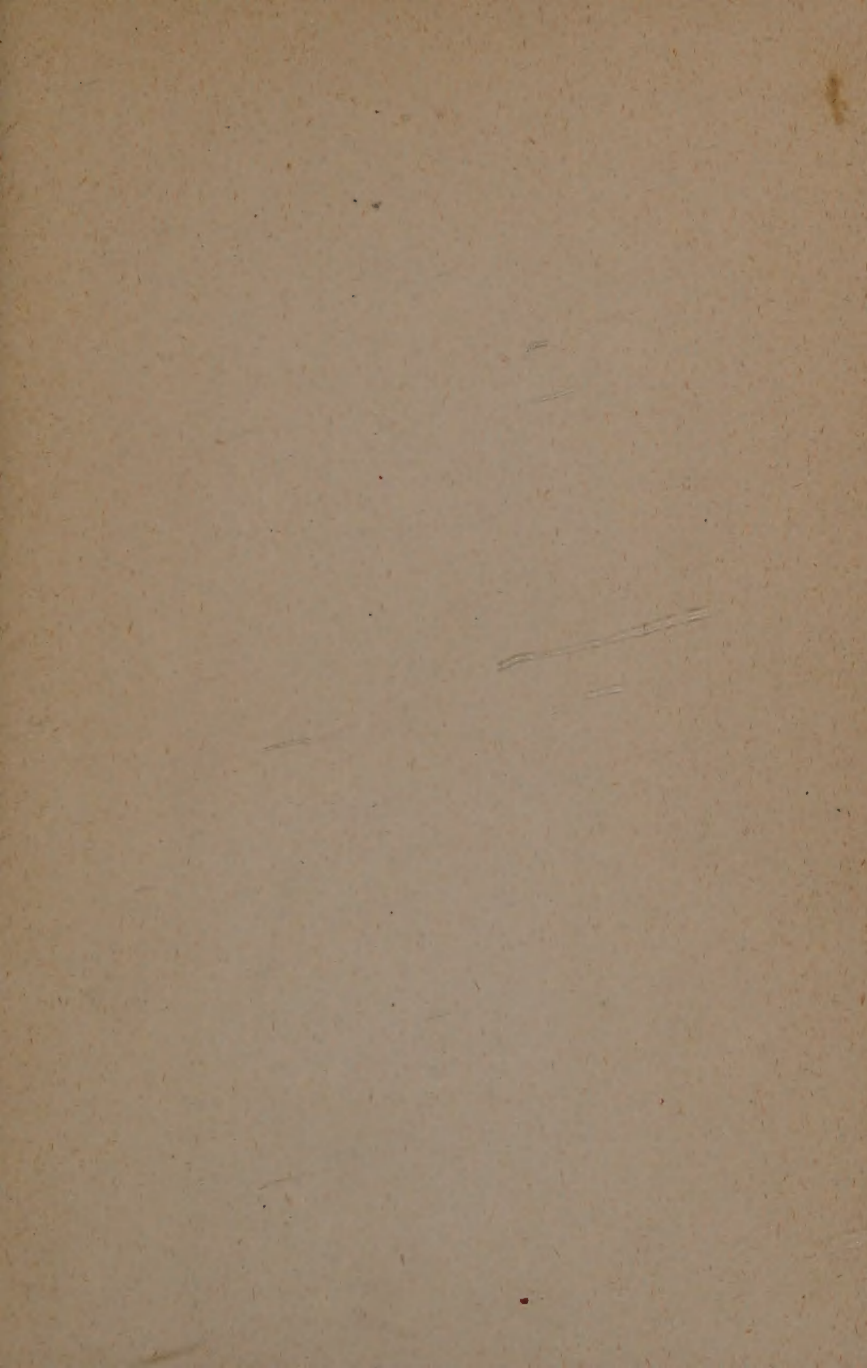
Dedicated to Young People.
BY ONE OF THEM.

Hiler C. Tardoe.



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BEYOND THE RUTS.

Dedicated to Young People.

BY

Hiler C. Lardner.



NOTES OF INTRODUCTION

BY BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU,
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

— AND —

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D. D.,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.



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Representative Words.

AND still another book, and one that will meet a growing demand. There are not too many good books. Especially are there not too many suitable for the young men and women of the present day.

This volume has to do with the formation of a pronounced Christian character. If such a character shall be attained by the youth of America, then the promise of a glorious future will be realized. The yearning heart of Christ waits with infinite desire to enroll the young people in his service. The redemptive work of the Savior can not be consummated in the salvation of humanity without them. But in order to their highest efficiency they must be intelligent; they must be thoroughly trained in all goodness; they must have high and holy purposes, aspirations, ambitions; they must know how to meet and overcome all temptations;

they must come into complete fellowship with Christ ; they must share the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

If our young people will carefully and prayerfully read this book, it will inspire, uplift, and strengthen. It would be most profitable if every one connected with the Epworth League, the Society of Christian Endeavor, and all other young people's societies of whatever name, could thoroughly master the thoughts and themes of this volume. Would that it might be placed in the hands of every young Christian in all our Churches! Never more than now was there a supreme need of earnest, illuminated, consecrated, diligent, self-denying, self-sacrificing Christian youth. This book will serve to develop just such Christians. Let it be scattered broadcast.

W. F. MALLALIEU.

WE are willing to admit that there is something to be said in favor of ruts. As has been remarked, *rut* is nearly allied, etymologically, to *route*. It is the way of doing anything—a way that often becomes too well worn, and out of which it is hard to escape. But there are ruts and ruts.

This bright and wholesome book takes its readers "Beyond the Ruts" of prejudice, bigotry, and formalism ; but not beyond the safe and well-worn

way of truth, honor, and obedience. It is emphatically a book for young people, written by "one of them" for many of them. It is a book for young people, not only in the sense that it was written for them, but that it was written sympathetically and with a full understanding of their needs. It is not written down to juvenile comprehension; but in its strong and masculine grasp of truth it will also grasp the young reader and raise him to its plane.

Some men do not grow old because, while their locks whiten and their brows wrinkle, they still view the world from the stand-point of youth. This is one of the books, we believe, that will retain its freshness for years, because it has chosen its view-point wisely, and looks at life with the eyes of a generous and noble youth. Young people have uttered the "Cry" with which it opens; they will do well to visit the "Shrines" to which it leads them; they will delight to follow in its "Fascinating Footsteps;" and we hope and pray that marching "Straightforward," a multitude, through the perusal of these pages, may attain the "Essentials" of a manly or womanly life as our author sets them forth—"Courage," "Consecrated Enthusiasm," and the guidance of the "Holy Spirit."

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

In the whispering gallery of the ages there
are muffled voices, as if 't were children
sobbing in the night.



Chapter First.

A CRY.

IN somebody's dream, the Creator had died. The universe was in consternation because it was an orphan. Hope, bright-winged and gentle, died. Patience, love, faith, and mercy died. Good and bad angels sickened and died. Time became extinct. The Eternal gave up the ghost. The shroud of God, "unwoven as a woof of light," was ready, and the "hearse and bier," screened by melancholy and mysterious distances, "stood mutely waiting" for the awful burial. The dreamer woke in tears, followed by rapturous praises.

But is not this the child of the atheist's thought? And does he not demand that mankind shall father it? We are not ready. God is not dead! His foot-prints are in all the earth. His voice is in the spheres. His right hand is upon the throttle of eternity's great engine. Before the sunlight, before the mountains, before the sea, even "from everlasting to everlasting, he is God!"

Nor can we ever rid ourselves of this sublime notion. "Go and hear the great actor Garrick play at the theater to-night; take a good laugh, and you will lose your melancholy broodings about to-morrow." "Alas! Doctor, I am Garrick!"

Mirth will not stifle this cry of the soul for the supernatural. If you try solitude, look out for the snap of the revolver and a dying man. Business, politics, travel, books—it is vain. This is the supreme question of our life, and it will not down. Hedged about on every side as we are by material things, and yet threading a path that points forever toward a spiritual destiny, it would seem as if we should give our best ear to the beautiful voice within us that can not be hushed. It was always a favorable omen when the Grecian oracles found the inquirers to be of a ready and patient turn.

And so the evidence of God's existence grows upon us as the years escape. It intensifies as we study closely the mechanism of the universe. Then it is that the heavens become "his open face," the trembling earth his footstool, and mortal man his phenomenal masterpiece.

The boldest effort the human understanding ever makes is to inquire for God. It is impossible to reach him by any of the ordinary senses. The eye can not see him, the ear hear him, nor can he ever

be touched, nor even pictured, by the imagination. An almighty, infinite, and everlasting uplifting is his. His fingers laid upon the mountains, they smoke; his breath upon the earth, it quakes. When he looks upon the clouds, they are rent in pieces. Surely we must acknowledge the force of the revealing process in the flaming mountain: "I Am that I am."

To render this mystery the more troublesome and embarrassing, we are conscious of a power amongst us and within us which crosses swords with goodness. The passions become inflamed, the motives are brimful of guile, the sense of gratitude is blunted, and the deeds are offensive to ourselves. Apart from this pressure of self-condemnation is the thought that we are immortal. In the throes of death the soul may writhe and cry amid the billows of impending evils until, altogether exhausted, it retires, lonely and desolate, to eternity's great wailing-place.

It is in the toils of this dilemma, the soul beating about for one ray of light, that an old Book opens its story by saying: "In the beginning God did thus and so." The mystery is not wholly cleared up, nor the light that of midday; but there are scintillations, there are movements amid the mists, and you are conscious that something is about to happen. The voice of the soul deepens. The cry becomes more

distinct. Can this Being manifest himself to me? If he be the author of light and wisdom and power, how can I look into his face? It is no wonder that a bit of sunshine in the east once cried out: "O that I knew where I might find him!" This is the cry of the ages. It rings out through the earnest centuries until it touches human society in every clime. Men of the most eccentric conditions and the most barbarous ways are dissatisfied with themselves and seek a higher good. The twentieth century men will also make inquiry. That cry is coeval with man, and the historic utterances are one and the same: "How incomprehensible" is God, and yet how necessary to our happiness!

If, then, the intellect tires in its exalted flight, and the imagination flags though on wondrous pinions, and this great Creator can not be comprehended either in symbol or ordinary statement, it is a most delightful persuasion that somewhat of our nature may fully apprehend him. God is a spirit; spirit may apprehend spirit. Faith enthrones him in the heart. The warm breath of his lips may transfix our souls forever in desire and devotion.

It is true that we are very shy of things we can not see. From the beginning of thought until now it has been thus. The kindergarten system was used amongst a people who lived upon the earth two

thousand years ago. The tabernacle and temple worship were systems of object-teaching. The altars and fires, the priests and sacrifices, the swinging censers, the songs and marches, the washing of pots and wheeling away of ashes, the robes and prayers,—all of these were processes of revealing. But in after times there was the shock of a revolution. One man stood up—"if it be lawful to call him a man"—and cried to bewildered multitudes: "I am the way to God. No man can come unto the Father but by me. Come unto me." The change was abrupt, but positive and abiding.

We accept the idea of a divine messenger whose special errand was to unfold this incomprehensible mystery and throw the full beams of light athwart the darkness of human things. Faith has a sphere in which it exercises itself. That sphere is above and beyond the senses. It is above the eyes, and beyond the ears, and underneath the touch. Its mission is to apprehend the real in the realm of the spiritual. It has vision. It has a superb range. It is not blind, nor whimsical, nor superstitious. It is not the child of ignorance, nor the embodiment of a cunning device. Its decisions are supreme and final. It is a student. It inquires. The colloquy in the Castle of Machærus by the Baptist and his men led to that inquiry of faith, "Art thou he, or shall we

look for another?" and the magnificent answer based upon the miraculous character of the new dispensation.

This faculty seeks substance for itself. It lives by virtue of the nutritious substances furnished from above—the old corn of the kingdom, the wine and oil of revelation. This Joseph may make himself strange, Simeon may be held as a hostage; but when Benjamin comes, the dearest idol, he will wholly and forever disclose himself to the sincere purchaser.

Involved in mystery as the origin of all things is, and being thrust into such wild speculations by the nations who are destitute of the Bible, it is a holy pleasure to enter upon the records which have stood the test of the centuries and let the foundations get settled in an intelligent, sublime, and reasonable account of how things came. It is manifest that "all things have been produced by the Supreme Creative Will, acting directly or through the agency of the forces and materials of his own production." Faith accepts the story also of how man got upon the earth, and how he got entangled with evil influences. The story is dignified and natural, and no other satisfactory solution has been given to the problem. Undemonstrated theories must take a back seat in the presence of so much truth as is couched in this history. And as to getting out of our trouble,

although a thrice-told tale, it is still thrillingly bold, interesting, and capable. Eminently worthy of belief are the breathings of a Father's love, the leadings of his marvelous desires, the expression of his almighty power in the atonement. So also is the story of man's immortality and final glorification as the consummation of plans conceived in the eternities. Surely here is a basal point from which we may think and move with fidelity to our highest instincts and interesting hopes.

Faith is a student in the school of the Holy Spirit, whence testimony in an honest way is both comforting and inspiring. It is an altogether natural, logical, and thinkable proposition, that the Supreme Spirit of the universe may and does communicate with the spirit of man. This power witnesses to the atonement made for souls. He reproves and convicts and sentences. The human body, dowered by faith, becomes his temple, and the indwelling is clear and transparent upon all the questions of pardon, peace, adoption and joy. As to its own supernatural phenomena, the fruits, love, long suffering and grace, it is equally satisfactory. In the posture of pupil, faith now sits in humility; it hangs upon living testimony and abides in the almighty and self-determining records. As a student it advances to higher forms. It studies the administration of



affairs. It is conscious of the ever-blessed fact that there is a divine rewarding of the good, a retributive hand of justice upon the evil. To such as discern the spiritual, and are diligent in seeking it out from the varied forms of pride, idolatry, and superstition, there are disclosures of power and the manifestation of the Infinite. Whilst there are attributes which may not be communicated, as omnipotence and omnipresence, his love and peace, his grace and mercy, his truth and holiness become the heritage of those who fear his name. The possibility of such experiences is demonstrated by the incarnation, and the all-cleansing power of the blood. When one deplores his lack of conformity to goodness, the nature is transfigured. When the wicked spirits vanish, the Father's face becomes radiant, and the glad summer time of the soul appears. See that brace of rainbows in the summer's sky! They skirt the horizon and bring together the earth and heavens. Peering through these semicircles of blended colors into the blue ether beyond, you catch glimpses of the magnificent things which may not be touched. So the arch of Old Testament prophecy and of New Testament miracle upon which our faith is fixed brings to our spiritual vision the blending of the new heavens and the new earth, whilst through and beyond are stretched in inimitable beauty the power and glory

of God, revealing the things of our salvation and pointing to that which forever abides.

And no one can outline the possibilities of this apprehending power. In our early thinking the act of faith must begin so that it may develop into a habit. This habit of the days will give the ripest fruitage to experience. Here lies the mastery of sin; here the pregnant forces of a perfected manhood. Faith's visions are all sharp and well defined. They bring us into sympathy with the common brotherhood who strive mightily for a world-wide victory for the truth. Caste and prejudice flee as shadows, and nothing is seen but the conquering hosts. Yes, yes; faith dowers us with the riches and resources of the world to come. And who would not give all his wealth for one good, substantial, immovable word about to-morrow? But faith brings the ultimate truth. It is for all.

Before the Civil War a few gentlemen from the North in their vacation visited the Mid-Lothian Mines in Virginia. Wandering through the subterranean passages, they heard the voice of singing. When they reached a wicket they found an old man humming a chorus closing with the words: "And I too shall be dere, in dat great gettin' up mornin' of the Lord." The old man was black. He was a slave. He was blind. His duties were to

open and close the gate at intervals, and there, a thousand feet beneath the surface of the earth, seated upon a lump of coal, some sweet spirit within helped him over the rough places of his life and made him contented and happy. The story of the cross was the uplifting power.

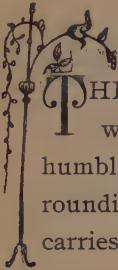
We are to be men and women of faith. In an age of unbelief it must take upon itself the higher forms of knowledge and consecration. If our Young People's Societies key-up the undergirding beams of the superstructure they are endeavoring to rear, the wise Master Builder will not only have pleasure in their new-found work, but will be pleased to lay the cap-stone itself with his own powerful hand.

Each Soul Hath its Mecca.



Chapter Second.

SOME SHRINES.

THERE is a great fascination about the place where we were born. It matters not how humble may be the village or uncouth the surroundings of the country home, our birthplace carries reminiscences even down to our latest years. The ground where mother walked, and where she sought out those holy ministries in the heyday of childhood, is holy ground. Nor time, nor distance, nor untoward circumstances, can ever blot out the sacredness of those hours. The very hills and mountains and seclusive by-ways challenge our admiration. E'en now to visit the old homestead is to go alone. Memories troop through the brain, and trooping memories are all the companions we desire. The streams along which we wandered and in which we bathed and fished, the meadows flecked with flowers wild and rare, the groves where we plucked the first violets in spring-time, the landscapes varied and pleasing, the dancing sunbeams, the fugitive

shadows, the old mill, the orchard, the glen,—who shall rehearse again the old stories associated with them? The stranger is there, but God's hills and sunshine abide for us. And so, turning to life's duties, the face of the old school-master comes back, and the green hillock where they laid our gentle sister becomes touchingly sacred.

How many an old soldier turns with delight toward Gettysburg, the Rapidan, or Lookout Mountain! There lie the battle-fields of the Union. They are infinitely more sacred to him than the Marathon or Waterloo of history. There, with his brave comrades, in the dark days of the sixties, he fought out the great questions that refused settlement except by the shedding of blood. On those historic fields of the bivouac and camp-fire, the storm of battle and the bleeding troops, he raises again the tattered battle-flags, and rehearses the trials and triumphs of the past.

A fugitive traveler found a place, once, where bright-winged messengers were climbing a ladder of gold, the one end upon the solid earth, the other reaching into the unseen. It became a monumental spot.

There is a remnant nation amongst us to-day whose ancestors turned, with a sense of security and exaltation, toward a power which dwelt between the

wings of inquiring cherubim. There the holy fire burned night and day, a symbol pure of that almighty Being enswathed in light, through whose divine leadings they were brought out of slavery. It was there that human petitions were mingled with supernatural influences, and the people tarried until the answers came.

The American mind oftentimes bows down to ignoble things. The craze for extravagant living is now upon us. Men on moderate salaries fill their homes with expensive bric-a-brac and works of art, drive fancy teams, and spend extended terms at fashionable resorts or across the sea. All this may be at the expense of others; but still it must be so, since it is the edict of fashion. Followed by unnatural and dissipating amusements capping a life of idleness, the tendencies are in the wrong direction, and must bring disaster. The worship at the shrine of Bacchus is most deplorable. Mammon, appetite, fashion, sinful amusements, are gradually getting the better of us. There must come a pause. The letting down of the moral sense is an alarming symptom. To what shrine shall we turn that will have the authority to correct our aberrations and lead us out into the light? Verily it must be the altar of a perfect surrender in the presence of the Crucified. In the holy of holies of one's own eternal desire for

God, there the holy coals are pressed to the lips until the guilt is burned away, and in ecstasy the songs of deliverance are heard, followed by gentle whispers, saying: "Send me, send me!" This is the New Jerusalem, where the temple stands; this a second Mount Gerizim, where the remnant shall worship. This is the New Testament mercy-seat—the throne of almighty help. The characteristics of a throne are power to dispense blessings out of unlimited resources, and power to withhold. How feeble is our arm, how limited our power! We own but little. Our stay is brief. Our necessary submission to laws over which we have no control, our toils and tears and struggles, all imply that whilst the purposes of the Creator have been largely interfered with, he nevertheless has his own way about maintaining the order of the world, the order of the universe. But, then, this power and these unlimited resources find their highest exercise in treating with those who are in rebellion. And although devils fly from his eye and take up their abode in the caverns of despair, though angels veil their faces in his sight, sinful men may come even unto his seat—they may fill their mouths with arguments! And, strange to say, in the first approach the scepter of righteousness is extended and the tender of reconciliation is made. The weakest are heard. The unworthiest

may come. Each one may say what he has to say, and the Throne will listen. If one should ask the explanation of this, it will only be necessary to answer that in the ages eternal the daysman declared his holy purposes by opening the secret seals of the book, and out of the white heat of his undying passion for souls forged the chain which binds the soul to the throne of mercy. It is about time that intelligent men, everywhere upon this planet, should acknowledge this service, and bend their inmost spirits before the divine intercessor. Driven as they are from post to pillar by the sins and follies of society; tossed as they are by the adverse winds of business, and chased by the hours of the day toward an eternal destiny, why shall they not, every one, be willing to plead the suretyship of that power which took upon itself all of human guilt and human sorrow? Let the enemy forbid the banns, and rave and fret at the venture, the soul may flee to the clefts of the rock, like the trembling dove in the time of storm.

When a man kills a fellow-man, and is incarcerated in the prison, his first movement is to send for an attorney. The attorney says to his client: "I do not want you to say to me whether you are innocent or guilty." He immediately sets up a line of defense to prove that the man is innocent. But

the guilty soul in sight of the cross must do better than this. There must be a clean breast of the whole sinful life. It is the secret of the heart that is needed. And the confession must be to God and not to a priest. There is but one mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus. The absolute exposure of the defiling processes is the key to conscious acceptance. Nor need we wait to be recommended to the clemency of the crown. The sentence of death was met on a tree. The proofs are in the hands, in the feet, in the side of the advocate. The soul, dependent, despairing, doomed, pleads for justice, and hereby the scandal of the cross and of the world becomes the glory of the universe. At such a sacred shrine as this, all men, everywhere, may get worthy conceptions of living. No suicidal hand need touch the life, even though it be embarrassed by doubts and fears. The administration of affairs may not always be reconciled with our notions of justice, and many things may go awry. Struggling upward amid untoward circumstances and impending dangers, men may say: Will this lane never reach the turn? Will we never touch the top of this dreadful hill? Will these winds never get with the current and help to drive the craft toward its desired haven? Then doubts prevail. Let it be known then, that the soul can never “cease to lament

for that which it can not help" until it is calmed into holy quiet upon the bosom of the atonement. Through the golden gateway alone of honest prayer our weary feet get willing. Alone by faith in the Invisible can we hoist the sails and be wafted heavenward. Alone in the furnace of our trouble can it be known, as the refining processes go forward and the pure gold is left, that as soon as the Refiner's face is distinctly seen the crucible will cool. All this is the merciful compensation for being thrust out upon a life without having been consulted.

An invalid for fifteen years, with feeble prospects for recovery, writes to a friend of the joyous experiences which are only bound up in holy submission to the laws of her being. The letter breathes the most perfect submission and the victory crystallizes in one heroic sentence: "My heart keeps singing all the time; it can not keep quiet."

If youth asks for exultation of spirit, if it desires promotion, it can easily be satisfied. Life may have its problems. They may rather increase than diminish as the years go by. Suffering and effort are twin-factors in the struggle for a happy existence. The tendency of the heart tends toward superstition or hardness. The insinuating influences of unbelief are powerful. The wickedness of the world is full of energy. The poverty and wretchedness of

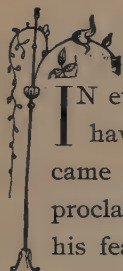
many who deserve a better chance than they have, is patent to all. Here are labyrinthian paths—thickets most bewildering. Still the truth is alive. It ought to be told. The remedies are at hand, if only men would be willing to try them. That truth must go thundering on down the centuries. It is the only thing that can satisfy human desire. From the hill-tops of honest investigation the reveille must be sounded. The Christian Church in her membership—the “Old Guard of the Army”—must preserve her integrity and listen to the voice of the Chief Commander, which has in it the ring of certain victory. The golden candlesticks which still remain, and the stars which move and shine, must remember that they fight for the man who is girt about the paps with a golden girdle, and has upon his thigh the symbol of perfect and perpetual sovereignty.

Phenomenal Manhood, Phenomenal Affir-
ances, Phenomenal Power.



Chapter Third.

FASCINATING FOOTSTEPS.

N every known meter the bards of history have sung the excellence of the Man who came out of Galilee. The prophets have been proclaiming his virtues, the limners outlining his features, the authors pronouncing upon his incomparable merits.

If there is anything fragrant or beautiful in the field or garden, it is contrasted with him. By so much may a believing woman, cultivating her flowers or walking amid the bloom and beauty of the year, keep fresh in her mind the lily of the valley and the rose of Sharon. No less may the farmer whose thoughts rise above the seed-time or harvest or growing crops, be able to say, the true corn of wheat once lay in the sepulcher of Joseph, and the true vine became a branch running over the wall.

If there should be found sublimity in the heavens, it finds a truthful counterpart in the Messiah. And he who has confided his all to truth will touch the

chords of true delight as he basks in the Sun of Righteousness or is guided into higher things through the shining of the Star of Bethlehem.

If there is anything substantial in masonry, tasteful in architecture, or brilliant in design, it is fully met in the one in whom the whole building fitly framed together groweth up into a holy temple.

Or perhaps there may be recognized a certain prestige in arms, valor in battle, glory in conquest—yet nothing can surpass the victories of truth.

But when the lens is turned upon our common humanity, the figures are all changed, and the changes are rung upon the guides that are blind and the slaves that are unclean.

And the wonder is magnified when it is known that the sum of all beauty, truth, and power is captivated by such deformity. It can possibly be only explained that there is a hidden image of the Divine lying within the *débris* of our natures, which is to be restored through the fellowship of suffering.

Character is indeed destiny. We all start from a low plane—babyhood, in more senses than one. Our life is bitter with the conflict—the battle with the giants. It is well to be always on guard. The best artists are the men who have studied and are willing to imitate the old masters. The sculptor who would stand at the forefront of his profession

must linger long in the academies and over the fragments of Grecian culture, even after the crowds have dispersed.

Much depends upon the standard. If we aim low, we will find the arrow has taken a little drop more in its flight. If we persist in seeking that which is medium, the results must partake of that nature. But should we wish to touch the highest things, the mark must be elevated and kept forever in sight.

In the matter of character it is possible to find a superlative model, only it will be essential that we do not seek for it in the wrong places. The ancient Church was full of worthies. Their words and deeds are enshrined in the archives of human things. But which one of these could we elect with safety and be secure in thought or deed? Abraham? Moses? Elijah? Good men as they were, some weakness, some sin, attaches itself to them. They fall far below our own ideal of right living at times, and are never of sufficient strength to join fortunes with us as examples looking into the eternities.

The only all-sufficient, all-conquering name that is worthy of mention in a connection such as this, is the name of the Christ of God. Of him it has been well said "that it were easier to untwist the beams of light in the sky, separating and expunging

one of the colors, than to get the character of Jesus—which is the real gospel—out of the world.” The character and life of Jesus become the exalted standard for men and women of to-day.

Look, if you will, at his magnificent ideals of thought and service and his undying passion for them. He had scarcely been thrust out upon his remarkable career of effort until he announced one of the greatest principles which could ever penetrate the soul of man. What was it? Have faith in God. Only worship in the sanctuary of your spirit and bow down at the shrine of love and duty, and all things will get into harmony. He taught that, as soon as man lost the image of God, he also lost the knowledge of him. In his diligent search afterward, man was led into the dreadful labyrinths of doubt and bewilderment. He began to make a God out of nature—to deify the sun because the sun poured his beams upon the soil, and from the soil he got his bread. He worshiped the moon, because the moon, as a mailed maiden, swept the circuit of the sky and chased away the darkness of the night. He chanted hymns to the early dew as it sparkled on the grass—to the silvery sheen of the lakes—to the boundless and unconquerable seas.

From the symbolism of nature he turned to his fellows, and out of the heroes of the battle-field and

elsewhere arose the gods of mythology. From these he turned to the subtleties of philosophy and of men's opinions.

But Jesus turned the face of humanity altogether in a different direction. He reasserted, illuminated, and enforced the splendid ideas of the Old Testament Scriptures. He said, there is one God. This God is the creator and upholder of all things. Adore him. Pour out your soul's desire at his feet. If you do, he will pronounce upon you the most golden benedictions. He goes further. Investigate the claims of the Messiah, and confess that he is the Son of God. The proofs are lying imbedded in my miracle-power; in the absolute divinity of my doctrines; in the fulfillment of the prophecies which relate to me; in the preaching of John; in the divine anointing that is upon me as the poor get the gospel, and by the sovereignty of that voice which said: "This is my well-beloved Son, hear ye him." He insisted that if they would only build upon the rock, they should be saved from the calamities of the judgment hour; they should inherit eternal life. He advances still further. He taught that men must submit to the divine superintendency. This Creator, God, is your Father. Commune with the spiritual, abstain from retaliation, renounce your sinful self, live for others, seek direction of the Holy

Spirit, cast yourself upon the mercy of the atonement. What shall happen? "Even the hairs of your head shall be numbered;" "And for your sakes I will sanctify myself, that ye also may be sanctified;" and, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." These are the ambitious ideals which are held up to this generation. These are the joys that may possess us entire, and abide with us forever.

The Savior was also a man of faith and prayer—in one sense, indeed, subordinate to the Father, as he says, "My Father is greater than I." It is to be supposed that he meant that, in the capacity of a Redeemer, he was a free agent, coming to do a special work, consequently thrown into a new relation to law; and hence the necessity for him to become obedient, which obedience required an active faith. He held, therefore, in check his awakened purposes at twelve years of age, when, in the temple, he said that he was about his Father's business. He did not enter upon his work until thirty years of age. His mission then became to himself a thing of great prominence and power. He permitted John to induct him into office. The grand scheme of his life became a well-defined conception. What he is to do, what he will encounter, where he is to go, with what instrumentalities he

will move forward, with what spirit he will meet the tempter, how he will confront the unbelief of men, and how endure in the great trial-hour of death,—these things became positive convictions opening up before him, and upon which he fixed his faith. He had faith in his own mission—his power to save. As some one suggests, he had to submit himself both to men and God—a man fighting for his own home. Did it not require faith to go into that conflict with the infernal powers on the mountain in the midst of the fast; faith to resist calmly the mob at his first sermon; faith to stand against the bitter prejudices of the Pharisees and the envy of the Sadducees, the plot against his life; faith to submit to the apprehension and trial, the drinking of the bitter cup in the garden—to endure the cruel mockings and scourgings and the crucifixion upon the tree? Such temptations, such trials, such persecutions—so subtle, so heart-rending, so powerful—never fell upon free agency before nor since. Our Master had faith also in the agencies which he called into requisition for the propagation of the truth. He chose men; not angels, but men. He chose them with great care; not men who were wrapped up in the corpse-like mummeries of the Pharisees, nor the cold, bloodless intellectualisms of the Sadducees; but good men—men of strong com-

mon sense, men who could love and suffer. They were to possess and continue in his spirit. Their old prejudices had to give way. They had to swear eternal fealty to his cause, or they could not be sent. Did he cure the blind? So must they. Did he unloose the tongues of the dumb? So must they. Did he turn back the flood-tides of prejudice and evil in men? So must they. Did he tell a simple story of God's great love? They must repeat it, time and again. He had faith in these men that they would do it all. "Will ye also go away?" was his pathetic appeal. No. Then "I send you forth."

He also had faith in the divine time. "My hour is not yet come. How am I straitened till my work is accomplished!" He is passive. He hides from the multitude. He hushes those who are healed, nor allows them to tell how they were healed. When his time came, he passes the transition point, and comes out boldly, and declares that he is equal with God and sent to destroy the temple worship. He permits the multitude to cry "Hosanna!" and throw their coats in the pathway. He believes, too, that his cross shall draw men to God, even to the latest generation; that it shall be forever the supreme magnet of the nations.

Every life has in it a plan. But to those who

believe, it is made manifest with every passing hour. There is the plot. There are coincidences, actors, hidden motives, duties, results. They are all clearly marked out. So, in order to meet our duties and slay our foes, knock down unbelief, withstand wicked men, and be positive factors for truth in an evil world, it requires faith—active, living, abounding faith. We need to look to the standard.

A gentleman traveling in South Carolina was compelled to pass a swollen stream on horseback. A little nervous, and not accustomed to riding, he found himself going down the stream and getting into the deep water. In his grief, and hardly knowing what to do, he heard a voice upon the bank of the river, upon the opposite side, crying, "Fix your eye upon this tree and resist the stream!" He did so, and soon came out safely. The voices from beyond us seem to be crying out continually: Look to Jesus and resist the tide!

Look, then, at the enthusiasm of Jesus in trying to save the brotherhood of men. His life was brimful of toil. It contrasted strongly with the sluggish life of the Oriental people. See his remarkable itineraries through the land, his miraculous efforts, his thrilling sermons and conversations, his process of management in sending out the seventy and the

twelve. There is crowded into that life an intensity of desire and a glory of purpose worthy of an ambassador of a universal salvation. And consider well, too, his methods. He associated with the thought of his day. The Jews had lived in Babylon for seventy years. Whilst they did not abandon their own religion for that of Zoroaster, yet a large body of them, under Manasseh, renounced the books of the Bible, save the Pentateuch, modified the Jewish ritual, and built a temple on Mount Gerizim. They were Samaritans. Jesus threw the apple of discord among them early. He sat down at the well, and overthrew their loose ideas of marriage and divorce. He denounced their theory about Mt. Gerizim being the only place to worship, and, through the woman, brought the whole town into a better way of thinking. The Jews had also been under the dominion of the Greeks. Alexander the Great had overthrown Palestine and Syria. Many of the Jews became Grecian citizens. But the Greeks were pagans. Their gods were celestial, marine, infernal. Sacrifices were offered to them. Certain Greeks came and said: "Sir, we would see Jesus." How did he at once begin to override their notions about the many gods! How did he cry out against the darkness of their superstitious ways! Under the reign of the Maccabees, Antiochus, a

heathen conqueror, had defiled the temple by offering swine upon the altar of sacrifice. He slew large numbers of the Jews, and refused the rite of circumcision to be recognized. He burned every copy of the Bible, and dedicated the temple to Jupiter. But under the Maccabees the people were free again; and now their patriotism outran their religion, and the Messiah must, of necessity, be a temporal king. But the Savior said: "My kingdom is not of this world."

So he met every form of error amongst the people of the day. In this age of self-seeking and money-grabbing—this age of doubt and indifference—we must ally ourselves with all the higher forms of truth. If there ever was a time when the leaders of public thought should gird themselves afresh for the conflict, it is to-day. It is not difficult to determine, either, upon which side of the great questions which stir American society to-day Jesus would be found. His attitude toward the sacredness of the Sabbath, the sacredness of the marriage covenant, the Sunday newspaper, the use and sale of intoxicating liquors, and the like, would be most positive and declarative. How would he condemn that doctrine of devils that the public taste is so vitiated that it needs the rehashing of all the gossip, murders, horse-races, etc., in the daily newspaper!

Or that other equally hateful idea, that there is nothing beyond the grave, so that we may eat and drink and die without fear! His philanthropic soul would pour out its complaint at the bar of a perverted public sentiment until a verdict pure and good should be extorted from the ballot-box, and from the pulpit and the home. Shall his own dear children be less interested than he? There is also to be seen in these foot-prints of the Son of Man the depth, tenderness, and fidelity of affection. It is a charming thing to be loved. The world is not half so weary when we know that some one is holding us in sweet remembrance. If only some one will share our trial—some one divide our joys! Who does not remember the warm kiss of a mother when awaking in the morning—her tender words, her loving methods, her unconquerable devotion? One of the purest breathings from Heaven to earth was the sentence to Daniel: "O Daniel, thou art greatly beloved." And the Savior's love had no hesitating moods. It was uniform, agreeable, constant. He humbled himself that he might gain the love of all. He suffered in his appetites. He hungered, he wept, he was poor. He suffered in his feelings. He was a disappointed man. He came in the spirit of a brother to sympathize with others; but he was neglected, misrepresented, betrayed. He suffered being tempted.

Was it a temptation to apostatize: "Fall down and worship me?" A temptation to revolt under the pressure, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me?" Who shall tell his agony when Satan's hour came? Or who delineate the agonies of the cross? But under the touch of this holy friendship, how sensitive becomes the human conscience! When he speaks, how the affections waken into the most matchless desires! How hope flings herself upon the bosom of the gracious promises! How faith assumes her regal functions, and launches out upon the illimitable ranges of immortality! How love propounds her exhilarating questions, and enthrones herself in the highest places! How the surges of sorrow sink back, and the storm-clouds disappear! Yes, yes; God is love! God is love!

And to what goal do these footsteps lead? Certainly to a wise and masterful self-hood in the best things of life. What are the best things? Some say gold, others mental gifts, others position. Will we submit to such a rendering? Hardly. Rather we should say, sanctified gold, sanctified mind, sanctified influence; conscious power at the throne of grace; power with men in leading them to the Crucified; power to do God's will, and an uplifting of spirit in the things of Heaven. Who are the best characters in history—the present reigning monarchs,

or those who have died? The victorious generals who have come back from the fields of carnage and blood? The arrogant millionaires who have luxuriated in the things of the present? Hardly! 'Who then? The Matthews, who have given up their unlawful gains in order to follow Christ. The Pauls, who have surrendered their bigoted notions of religion to inquire for the better way. The Johns, whose spirit of revenge changed to loving tenderness. The poor widows, who have put into the treasury their whole living. The Marys and Dorcas and Lazaruses. The Bunyans, bound in jail for the truth's sake. The Wesleys and Calvins and Whitefields and Simpsons. These, these are the men and women who have touched the scepter of almighty love, and have entered into the secrets of redeeming mercy.

The footsteps of Jesus lead, moreover, to a holy and abiding citizenship in the best things of tomorrow. Heaven is God, and into the fullness of God's love and power the Savior leads us. Those who dwell in love dwell in God. I see a company of good men threading their way toward Mount Olivet. Their Leader has captivated their affections. They are hushed into silence at his matchless presence and words. All authority is his. "He stands there, not by accident. Chance did not make him.

He is not the last letter in the great chapter of accidents; but he is the keystone to the bridge, placed in the bridge by the great Architect and Master-builder, that the two great piers may not front each other in ragged and grim isolation, but may have a stately arch across the ages, over which humanity, in its onward march, may pass with ever-accelerating haste and speed to its home in God." "Go," he exclaims—"go into all the world and disciple men. Baptize them. Lo, I am with you." Holy hour! Royal commission! But now he escapes their vision. As the parted clouds appear, he ascends. Legions of holy ones conduct him to the skies. He is enthroned far above all principalities and powers, with a name that is above every name, and we behold as with open face the glory of the Lord, and are to be changed into the same image from glory to glory.

Between the Lines read the Deeper Forms
which Truth can wear.

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Chapter Fourth.

DUAL FORCES.



SOME one has said that the "trade-winds of the Almighty blow forever toward the west." That is perhaps the reason the captain of the *Mayflower* cast anchor at Plymouth Rock, and led the brave men and women, who were to be seen by their deeds and not their words, to set up housekeeping on these shores, where every one of us might have an equal chance in the race of life. There is no aristocracy of learning or position or wealth among us. We hold to the broadest culture for all, and the most energetic measures of self-help in useful lines. We are altogether pledged to the people—no sex in mind—no aristocracy in privilege. A boot-black may look at a sunset; a hod-carrier aspire to the Presidency; a kitchen-girl become a scholar.

Milton represents truth as a body hewn into pieces, and the men and women of the earth en-

gaged in a diligent search to bring them together to produce a unit. Love and duty are charming sisters; and when they rise up in their distinctive ministries of truth and effort, we might as well surrender early, for they are bent on the final victory. But where shall the truth be found? and in what sphere of holy thought shall the intellect range? There can be but one answer; viz., in the works and word of God. Three great testaments they are, and competent for all conditions of mind. Transmitted as they have been to the people of this planet, we accept them as the unfailing reservoir of satisfaction. We may bend at the shrine of a gracious privilege. The dial will mark the hours which, beaming with light, prophesy for each a golden future. To such ample privileges we should accept at once the deed in fee simple tendered to us by the Creator himself.

It is a great boon to pause amid the tumult of the days, and go out into Nature and catch a fresh note from her joyous song. Here the finer feelings are touched, and the secret soul is swept by the most inspiring symphonies. Art has indeed great power. It can create, it can inspire the profoundest admiration. Go through one of our great academies of fine arts, consult the catalogue, face the touches in oil and colors, and go away to praise or criticise. But in Nature you will do better.

She hangs up, with deft and almighty fingers, her magnificent landscapes, and makes them free to all. See her mountain glens! See her inland lakes! Look upon her changing seasons—her rivers, running like threads of silver to the sea! Listen! Her songs are in the shadows of the hedges, and touch the passing clouds. The tints of the autumn sunset at close of day, and the Almighty God “hanging out his lanterns in the dome of the sky,” make one stand in awe, and pronounce upon the majesty and power of the things which we did not make. Irresistible influences throw about you a mystic spell. Why? The artists of nature mix their colors in the laboratory of the eternities. They work out their conceptions upon a scale beyond the power of human thought. They put the seal of utility and pleasure upon the whole. Nature in the heart of the mountains is a thrilling study. Penetrate its solitude, and in the presence of the lofty pines, the silences of midnight, and the lone cry of the bird, creep within the sense of your own littleness and think of God.

One autumn day I got the first real glimpse of nature's wildness. As the train swept through the passes, hugged the bluffs, or crept along the water-courses, cleaving the hills or leaving them in the rear, from my seat on the engine I said: “Where

did the Almighty get the patterns for the things which gleam and dance and shine in these sunbeams? Where is this unseen laboratory located?" Now, we do not deify nature. It is not right to worship in the cathedral of immensity, and with mawkish sentimentality bow down before the silences and secrets of material things. Not at all. But bounded by illimitable things, it is impossible not to recognize the fingers of an Omnipotent Being. Now, Nature may put on a melancholy air, then again an imperial look, and now again, with an audacious venture, may seem to try and drive man from off the face of the globe into utter oblivion. Still, she is not without parentage. The idea that the world has always existed is a foolish absurdity; or that nature, springing from an original germ, evolved the various species of animal, plant, and human life without a divine mind to direct and shape, is the merest sentimental twaddle, taught by whom it may be taught. "A million of ages can not develop the eye of a toad or the lungs of a honey-bee." Atoms can not be invested with life, and capable of inherently manufacturing now a plant, now a tree, now a bird, and now the brain of a man. It requires the union of intelligence and will to do that. Design does imply personality. The material world where we roam and suffer reminds one

of a well-planned house. The kitchen and pantry, the parlor and dining-room and chambers, are all in the right place, thought out by intelligence.

That great ship of the desert, the camel, with its broad, elastic foot, immense reservoir stomach, its prodigious powers of endurance, is perfectly adapted to its mode of life, and had no choice in anything. Some thoughtful intelligence wrought for its necessities. Marine life has but little in common with land animals. What wonderful traits and suggestive features are found in all kinds of animal life! Some burrow in the soil, others live on trees; some have coats of mail; some seek the light, others again dwell in darkness. The tropics yield the rice and cocoa, the bread-fruit and mango. The arctics produce the walrus and seal and bear. So, also, the climate and the needs of the people on the earth correspond. Nature sings of her divine paternity. Men ought to listen to her voice. As the years escape, the true student of the gospel becomes more and more enamored with the outside world. The soul, though, must be keen enough to catch the key-note, which in every case is God. Whether we look upon the rolling spheres, or stand in the presence of midsummer's glories, or by the sea and listen at the roll of the waves, one thought alone is worthy our lips—Almighty God and myself.

If nature be, then, such a brilliant revealing process; if it makes one thoughtful and reverent; if it fills us with fear and admiration, it also leads us out from its own inexorable secrets into that other Book where there are the unfoldings of a divine love, compassion, and grace.

The Bible is indeed something for us to think about. It is harmonious and unique. Fifty men, living in different periods of the world, produce a volume not simply of sixty-six distinct books, but sixty-six books pronouncing with authority upon every subject with which man has to deal, past, present, and future; the historic past, when man, as a spectator or actor, has left nothing upon record to show that he was there; that past back of human history where man was not,—in that process of times the Bible outlines the methods of the Great Architect, the purposes, plans, and doings thereof, and calls to witness the beings who are beyond our touch, beyond our sight.

It traces in detail the history of a people who were great—not in riches, perchance, as they came out of slavery; not in art, for the Greeks surpassed them; not in military renown, for the Roman arms conquered them and held them in subjection for years; but rich in the heroic deeds of their ancestors in all the moral and spiritual battle-fields of

life. Their prophets were extraordinary men ; their priests were typical of the beautiful and holy ministrations of the temple ; their kings were crowned in the interests of wholesome government, and of redressing the wants of the poor ; their laws were rigid and severe against all manner of crime ; their poets were devotional and expectant ; and their women full of simplicity, heroism, and goodness.

That holy Book walked out into the mighty corridors of the future without fear or favor. Its labyrinthian ways presented to the eyes of the Hebrew prophets the boldest imagery. They did not miss in their calculations. What they said came to pass. What they did, they did in the interests of our common humanity. How thrillingly bold and comprehensive its statements concerning the typical man, the new and final gospel, the supreme and abiding faith ! It has a marvelous utterance to-day—marvelous scope, marvelous influence ! It is five thousand years old, but its brow is still wet with the dew of youth. It has found its way through the wreck of the centuries. Other literatures have become musty in cloistered libraries, or have been destroyed by fire and flood. Nothing remains of Egyptian, Assyrian, or Chaldee literature save a few remnant pen-pictures or shattered hieroglyphics. But this text-book of the ages is

the same fresh, golden, captivating thing it was when the thrones of the Orient were in their ripest glory.

And what has that Book to say about To-morrow? Does it throw any light upon the Hereafter? A brilliant writer draws the comparison between two Greek books—the *Odyssey* and the New Testament. He tells the story of how Ulysses, the prisoner of Circe, was released upon condition that he should visit Cimmerri, the abode of the dead, and learn something of his future. As he entered, the ghosts came near to drink some blood, which gave them the power of speech. Every one was in a condition of despair. One of his old comrades came sobbing, to tell the doleful story of how he had been killed. His mother eluded his embrace, and, flitting from place to place, went shivering in the dark retreats. Agamemnon, the great general, was in the same plight. Achilles, although reigning there, said he had better be the slave of the meanest man on earth. This was the abode of the best people among the Greeks. Sisyphus, a criminal, was rolling stones forever as a punishment for his deeds; Tantalus was tantalized with cups of water, which he could never reach to quench his thirst; while Tityus was ever being devoured by vultures.

This is the brilliant conception the learned Greeks had of futurity unaided by revelation. Now the writer turns to the teachings of the New Testament, showing how "complete was the victory of the Man of Nazareth, and how it is possible for man to attain to the glory of a resurrection unto life and power."

All the master spirits of infidelity have, in turn, vented their spleen in denouncing this Book. They have ridiculed its miracles, upbraided its heroes, and hurled innumerable curses at its doctrines. But they have gone down! Their orations are in oblivion! The holy truths of Scripture, on the other hand, are enshrined in the hearts of untold millions, and are destined to live on and on until the latest generation has faded out of existence.

The shafts of satire from Lucretius, Volney, and others have not dismantled nor dislodged the truth. The wrecks of their efforts strew the beach of the inglorious past. The red-hot fires of eloquence in which Mirabeau, Rousseau, and others sharpened their tools to cut in pieces the chains of gospel truth, have long since gone out for want of fuel. But the forges of God have multiplied themselves indefinitely, and busy workmen are adding link to link of that golden chain which is to bind the believing race to the anchorage of the skies. Hobbes,

Voltaire, and Paine would, first of all, shut us up on this planet, amid its sins and sorrows, without a God, and then put us into the grave as the prey of worms and the grindings of the ages. But we propose to "keep the Heavenly Father in the midst." The harmonies of the Book shall be as agreeable to us as Handel's Messiah or Mendelssohn's Elijah to the ear of the cultivated musician. The Bible is the inbreathing of rhythmic voices.

Is life, then, a game of chance? I guess not. Many start in the race at a great disadvantage. But adverse things often work out splendid results. All with us have a chance, and it is the election of the chance for which we plead. It is possible for all young people beginning life to become competent in all the proprieties of excellent speech—possible to range the inviting fields of current literature, and do well in spite of birth or environment.

Hugh Miller's parentage was nothing of which to brag. His educational advantages were very limited. Still, he rose to distinction, and chiefly through his own indomitable push. Whilst his gay comrades were sparring, smoking, or playing euchre, he was taking up the shreds of time and weaving the web of a successful life. Men say, Yes, but it was a brilliant intellect in the rough.

Well, the power to penetrate is acquired. You

can get inside of a thing if you only will. Skimming the surface is easy enough, but pluck goes to the quick. The sermons in stones and books, and in running brooks, are matters of study.

To such as by happy parentage, early habits, and average literary advantages, enter the arena to do and dare, the possibilities are golden. With earnest methods and diligent application and patience to plod, we all may gather up some ripened sheaves at the last; or, gleaning behind the reapers, may have some part in the Harvest Home. Certainly we can glean. It is not genius that we need to do that. It is downright effort—effort at enlarging and developing the mental powers. It is getting a grip on things. It is turning things to account.

Are we in love with history? Let us capture the historic epochs, one by one, and fix some center from which to take our observations. We may become familiar with the grand movements of society or with those in which the world has been the sufferer through ignoble deeds.

If art has attractions, then the picture-galleries should be studied. The lives of the masters may be studied; the struggles and victories and deeds of these benefactors of the race known. Though seemingly cold and hard, the sculptured chisel will breathe and live, the pencil glow and move.

If one would study men, note the prominent historic characters in a given period, study their idiosyncrasies, avoid their errors, learn to absorb the great things of their life without imitating errors, let us study men in classes, for they are put up in classes. The pessimist is the same melancholy, unhappy fellow in one town that he is in another. The broad, generous, whole-souled man has his counterpart in every community. The automaton is one and the same, whether found in the city full or country sparse.

Let us develop capacity. The mind is an ever-expanding thing, and the soul has no limitations. The habit of close, consecutive, honest thought enriches. One under such circumstances becomes a source of wealth to himself. A miner may dig coal or ore during his whole life-time for so many cents per day. His life-time may enrich his employer, but he has only an honest livelihood. But it can not be so with that man who digs down until he strikes the great seams and beds of undiscovered truth. He gets rich in the simple but undivided effort of the days.

A merchantman upon the high seas may become unseaworthy and be driven to the stocks for repairs, or go down to the bottom of the ocean because of the immense cargoes which it has carried to enrich

others, but carrying such goods as scholars do, God will see to it that the desired haven is reached in safety.

A farm may get impoverished by the tremendous crops taken from it from year to year, but the soil of the intellect nourishes itself from the repeated crops which are harvested from its expansive acres.

And yet the intellect divorced from the affectional nature, which finds its supreme object of worship in God—the intellect may run into all manner of absurdities. Mr. Ingersoll's mind is wholly unbridled. It reminds you of the Wandering Jew. As Jesus was on the way to the place of crucifixion, the legend goes, he sat down in front of this man's house upon a stone. With curses, the Jew drove him away. The Savior said: "And thou shalt wander to and fro upon the earth until I come." A great poet has immortalized the story. He says: "The mountain torrents find, at last, a quieting resting-place after wildly tossing over their craggy beds. The clouds, though driven through the air hither and yon, fasten themselves, at last, upon the heads of the hills. The chamois finds a quiet nook, the raven a harbor, in the bosom of the cliffs; the sea-horse is rocked to slumber upon the waves, and the ostrich broods upon its eggs

when the night comes on ; but as for the Wandering Jew, he never nears the goal of his desire."

But how different with the mind that is calmly resting on Bible truth, and bows down itself in the presence of a holy aspiration! It can never be driven from its happy moorings.

There is no Alternative—It must be so.

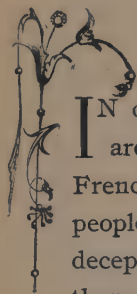
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Chapter Fifth.

ESSENTIALS.

PART FIRST—COURAGE.



IN one of the French picture-galleries there are hundreds of battle-pieces, taken from French history; but they are all victories. The people are flattered, the youth inflamed, and deception practiced upon the ignorant, as if there were no dark pages of defeat, as at Waterloo or Sedan. There is, too, but little recognition of God in their eventful but melancholy history.

None of us may glory in the past. The eye must be filled with the failures and defeats which mark that past, and learn to guard with fidelity all the weakest points. We must not fail to be cognizant of the skill of our foes, and realize that it is the last victory that counts. Our life is many-sided. It is as changeful and diversified as a landscape in autumn. If any one supposes that he can get forward in life without courage, he will not go far

until he is forced to the conclusion that life is a series of stern and relentless facts—facts stern enough to beat him out, unless fully armed and having a brave spirit. The best spirits amongst us are the men and women who believe this idea, and gird themselves for a valiant fight.

Courage is a compound. It is made up of reason, expectation, trust. It is that firmness of soul which is willing to brave any danger or difficulty without fear or depression. It is more than fortitude. Fortitude is passive courage. It endures with an unbroken spirit, but does not assume the aggressive. Courage is greater than boldness. A bold man may be a rash man. A courageous man is not over-sanguine; for that implies hope without regard to the conditions. Courage dares. It endures, it perseveres, it keeps the end in view, it has a goal. It considers, and weighs, and estimates, and resolves, and makes the effort. It outstrips not only its antagonist, but pushes past even hope itself.

No extraordinary achievements have been gained anywhere without the practice of this great principle. In art, in science, in invention, in discovery, this simple word of two syllables has been seen upon every banner. Courageous men have bridged the sea with wire; they have caught the

secret forces of electricity, and applied them to all the varied lines of trade, and put them into the most willing bondage. How have agriculture, mining, mechanics, invention, reached their exalted and wondrous level? Only through the invincible courage of such men as Franklin, Morse, Fulton, and Fields.

So in war. If conquests have been made and great issues determined for humanity, it was because brave men took the sword of self-defense and went to battle.

If new countries have been found, great resources developed, commerce advanced, or education favored, it was because some one was not scared by real or imaginary trifles. Who shall tell what hardships have been endured, what fortunes spent, what lives sacrificed, to give us the ordinary comforts of to-day? The truth is, we are rowing against the tide, and the winds are oftentimes contrary.

What wonder, then, that in life's great practical Christian battle, success hinges upon resolute courage? If it is to be a hand-to-hand fight, let it be so. If a fight with physical pain, mental anxiety, social bereavements, domestic grief; if the battle still is to go forward with doubts, infirmities, weaknesses, and dying,—then let us not go forth except we are fully equipped.

Spiritual power, gotten and developed by communion with God, is the only breakwater that can be raised to save men from the flood-tides of evil which are continuously dashing upon the shore of our little life.

Who are the victorious men of history or of the present? Are they the men who were afraid to venture for the truth and God—those who hesitate, and doubt, and refuse to do until the battle is over? Not so.

What cowardly times are these upon which we have fallen! Men in the pulpits, men in the editorial chairs, men in the professions and in business, with the padlock upon their lips, and the key thrown into the deep! Witness the extraordinary attitude of many about the rum-trade, the Jesuitical movements in modern life, the law of the Sabbath, the sacredness of the marriage covenant!

Where would the Reformation have been driven if the men of that day had allowed themselves to have been muzzled, or if they would have crouched, like menials, at the feet of the dominant sentiment? Out with the notion that good men must wait for public sentiment, and then they may act! Sentiment must be made, and good men must make it—make it, too, in the interest of righteousness, sobriety, honesty, and truth.

The young people of the Christian Churches are honored by tremendous responsibilities in all the lines of moral reform. The tides of evil which, for a generation, have swept in upon us from other lands, will demand not only enlightened action, but the most positive and determined command of the situation. The leagues and brotherhoods, the lodges and clubs, do not have in them the elemental forces to grapple with these great questions. The Church of Jesus Christ, in her awakened purposes and her holy ministries, is the only salvation for the mixed populations which have congregated upon these shores. There is no escape from the impending calamities of the social and political fabric of the young Republic but in the prompt, vigorous, and earnest equipment of those who shall soon be face to face with the greatest problems which were ever thrust upon a free and enlightened people.

PART SECOND—CONSECRATED ENTHUSIASM.

There is all the difference imaginable between a cold, passive, calculating attitude toward a good cause, and a warm, glowing, intense movement. It is equal to the difference between an old, water-soaked log in the fire-place, and the bright, cheery, crackling fire, that makes everybody glad who gets near to it.

Fanaticism is a wild, wholesale, extravagant notion in things leading to dangerous delusions; enthusiasm is enkindled and kindling fervor of soul. It is found in the heart of the man where a subject has complete possession of the mind. In old mythological times it was being inspired by the gods. It is stretching one's self in nobility of desire, broadening out into unwonted and positive purposes. It has taken hold of all kinds of men in all ages of the world, and molded their characters and shaped their destiny. With men like Charles Sumner and Wilberforce and Garrison, it was shown in their impassioned utterances and heroic efforts for making men free; with Florence Nightingale it was the sweet ministries to the sick and the establishment of the hospital; with Michael Angelo it was investing with life the pencil and brush, and putting upon canvas the wonderful scenes of Bible history and Christian endeavor; with the Man of Nazareth it was an undying passion for the salvation of sinful men.

There is a sliding scale in Christian experience and in Christian effort. Some are committed to God in a true evangelical sense, whilst others are wholly the Lord's people.

The human body has always been an incumbrance to the growth of religion in the soul; and,

because of this, some of the old scholars believed that sin was located in the flesh.

Sin is a fire! And so the fire is kindled in the bodily appetites and passions. The fuel is light and dry, and burns with great rapidity, and many are consumed.

Sin is a tyrant! This all-conquering master uses the members of the body as weapons to fight against the sovereignty of Almighty God. He must be watched.

It is manifestly the right of every man, by nature, to eat; and the Creator has marvelously provided for the appetite in this particular. There is an infinite variety in the markets, the orchards, the rivers, the fields; but to become a slave to the appetite is sin. To gluttonize the body, and lead a life of voluptuousness, is a crime against nature.

It is proper that men should quench the thirst, and the Almighty has distilled upon every hill-side a beverage for all, wholesome and agreeable; but to poison the muscles of the throat and stomach by the use of intoxicating liquor dishonors manhood and offends the Creator.

Making money is legitimate; but it is not right to squander it, hoard it, or use it upon our lusts.

Society is a blessing; but it was certainly not the

intention in our creation that men and women should spend the hours of the night in revelry and dancing.

The tongue is a useful member, but how it is abused! Blasphemy, falsehood, lying, bitterness, uncharitable and unprofitable conversation, make up the measure of many hours.

The body, therefore, is subject to false appetites—subject to violent temptations. The law of the body is threefold—chastity, temperance, prohibition. Chastity in all things, temperance in things that are lawful, prohibition in things that are wrong. Now wicked men are restrained by the law of the land; but those who follow Bible teaching find that it is to be a voluntary surrender to these three virtues. We are to keep the body in subjection. This is the rule of the divine effort in our behalf. If the beginning of a sin lies in the conception, the source of conception must feel the touch of a holy consecration. If the consent of the will is what leads to guilt, to get the power to conform the will to the divine instincts of right-doing is the one work of the life. This is consecration to God divested of all cant, removed from all mystery, and destitute of all superstition.

And no sooner do we reach this point in our experience than all our moral desires begin to inaugurate ways and means for our real and permanent happiness and for the happiness of others. Our de-

sire for society changes at once. We want to recognize and appreciate the intellectual and spiritual in others; the honesty, integrity, and force of character in others.

Our desires for worldly amusements change. All rational pleasures are a delight; all irrational pleasures we despise.

Our tastes and moral feelings undergo a change. Committed to that which is pure and beautiful and good, our hopes and joys and purposes are so modified and chastened that we not only seek the good of others, but their advancement becomes a constant pleasure and there is not a member of the body but feels the glow of a new inspiration when the heart is moved to truth and duty.

The eye studies with marvelous delight the Maker of all things in all the places where he is pleased to make himself known. Is it the natural world? Nature is a thousand fold more beautiful than it was under the old *régime*. Its sublime and golden beauties gleam and dance and shine until the soul is enamored, not perchance so much with the things themselves, but with the wisdom, purpose, and power of the Being who called them into existence. The flowers are not only fragrant and beautiful, but the great hand of God is back of them. The changing forests, from nakedness to green and from green to the un-

rivaled beauties of autumn, are detected as part of that same handiwork, and the heavens are full of harmony because the Almighty holds his purposes in check or loosens his hold at pleasure.

Nay, the eye goes far beyond this. It fixes itself upon the supernatural in the history of nations. It sees the guiding, ruling, designing hand of the Governor of Nations. It sees the downfall of empires, cities, and kingdoms, and the rise of others, and all for a purpose. The Christian reader of history pierces the secrets of literature, and reads between the lines the destinies which are in store for the nations that forget God. He determines with certainty the wrath and goodness of God displayed in the ratio of disloyalty and obedience to the divine law. Before this reader's watchful gaze are the splendid characters of history, their faith in God, their faith in his providence, their virtue, their self-denial, their love of liberty, their sense of justice, their heroism, their devotion to principles which are just and true. Amid the rubbish of the centuries he notes the gracious principles that have been thriving by persecution, molding the ages in spite of prejudice, standing the tests of all time, and sure to win upon every legitimate battle-field upon this planet.

And what about the tongue? It also receives a holy baptism. It is not filled with blessing and

cursing, but with blessing. It delights itself in charity. It holds in reserve its biased judgments. In the lips of such a man, character and life and conduct receive an impartial rendering. The same is true of the "ear." It does not care to listen to the gossip of the hour. It does not feast upon and thrive by the sensations of the day. It is rather tuned to all the melodies of fair speech. It delights in the pleasures of social fellowship, in Christian song. The cry of distress is not ungrateful, for it gives heed to that bitter cry. Even the voice of the heathen, low and faint as it is, from the distant points of the compass—the cry of the heathen will bring out the alms and gifts which shall become a memorial before the Lord.

The "feet" will be wholly consecrated. Swift in deeds of love and tenderness and charity, the footprints will ever be covered, lest the praise to man shall outweigh the honor due to the lover of human souls.

This spirit of consecration includes all—time, talents, service, all. It is the measure of a true act, and this whole subject gets additional power when we consider how we get into possession of these faculties of being. They are gifts of the Creator. "In him we live and move." It gets still greater force when we remember to what base and abomina-

ble purposes these faculties may be put—to what base and abominable purposes they are already put by many who started fairly in the race of life. The thread of destiny gets its coloring in the escape of the days by our own thought. And so, as we are hastening to the hour of the final decision, it is well to have in mind the make-up of the driving shuttle in the loom of our life.

The conditions of this enlarged living are simple but imperative. Amongst the old orthodox Jews of Europe the Day of Atonement is strictly observed. It is the most solemn holiday of that very interesting people. The soul must be afflicted; the fast must be observed; the work must be wholly suspended. The dreadful recollection of their eventful history troops through the brain of every thoughtful reader of Old Testament story. They know that the golden age of their people has passed away; that the luster has been tarnished and the fine gold gotten dim. Through the mind passes the recollection of the ancient covenant made with the father of the race, Abraham—renewed to Isaac, and not recalled from Jacob. The thought of their present disquieted and scattered condition, without a nationality, a flag, or a Messiah, comes to them with a mysterious and supernatural dread. Before three stars appear in the evening sky of the Day of the Atone-

ment these believers in the one God—each one—whether in country sparse or city full, goes to his fellow Jew and makes every wrong thing right. He will not carry his heart-burnings and corroding grudges across the threshold of the New. The New Year must begin aright. This spirit has something of the practical about it. It is an honest purpose at forgiveness and conciliation upon the only true basis.

The Supreme Teacher of humanity said that in presenting our gift upon the altar of sacrifice we must leave it for a time, and go and be reconciled with our brother. How often it is that we stand in God's way for making us better! He would make us better if we would make ourselves better.

Another condition equally important is that of submitting ourselves wholly to the will of God in the matter of our consecration. God must not be to us that awful, rigorous, and majestic Being known to the Hebrew people simply as the God of Sinai, the Unfathomable Abyss, the Unapproachable Light, the Inflexible Elohim. To all who deny the truth, and willingly put away the Savior of men to follow the devices of the Evil One, this is, indeed, God's character.

But to those who come to the Mediator, he is the Father of Mercies, the God of Pardon, the Source

of Blessing. God's great promise to the world is the Christ. He is the image of the Holy Father; he is the expressed will and promise of God. At his feet we forget our fears; our trembling is changed into laughter, and our prayers translated into the most delightful praise. The old Indian got the idea after a time. When told to bring all to Christ, he interpreted it literally, and brought his bow, his quiver filled with arrows, his game just brought from the chase, his canoe, his wampum, his wigwam, his squaw and pappoose, and finally himself, saying: "And take poor Indian, too." This surrendering is both easy and difficult. Easy when the "will" is gained over; hard in getting the consent.

The unique inscription on the Roman coin in the days of Augustus Cæsar tells the story: Upon one side the picture of a young heifer, standing between the butcher's-block and a yoke, the inscription underneath reading, "Ready for Either." To labor or suffer is the young Christian's right.

This surrender should be followed with a firm belief that our Heavenly Father fully and freely accepts us; accepts us now; fully accepts us in this present time, Jesus becoming our Savior once and forever. The submission and the blessing are joined. That spiritual act of the soul produces its accompanying sensation. This spiritual sensation leaves

an abiding testimony, and the consciousness of being wholly the Lord's stays when other things depart.

A life thus surrendered is raised above the possibility of failure. In a modified sense, it is the life of the Master repeating itself. It has in it an aim. To have no goal; to seek not the highest things; to not know what to do,—all this is fatal.

But it is not essential that one should be prominent in order to have such a life. Quietness, modesty, merit, a little place where we may toil and suffer,—this is enough. How blessed the thought that in the sphere of our humble but prayerful life we may rest upon the promise of the Divine assurance of full acceptance!

PART THIRD—MONEY.

The root-word for generosity is high-born—born of noble purpose. It means that which has nothing to do with meanness. A generous man, therefore, is one who gives with a magnanimous spirit. This does not necessarily mean large giving. It means giving in a large way; giving with an earnest, loving, enthusiastic spirit. A rich man may give largely in a mean and niggardly way. A poor man may give little in a contemptuous spirit. It is the motive and the spirit which determine the character of the gift. The amount of our giving is based

upon the proposition, "As God has prospered." How equitable is God! How perfectly just! He exacts of no man that which he does not have. He calls for a certain percentage upon our income. He does not go into details exactly, but states a great principle, and throws the whole matter back upon the bounty which he has conferred upon each one of us.

It will not do for a man to say that he will not give to the cause of God "until I have a living for myself and my family." The matter of how much a man ought to spend upon his family and upon himself would then rest upon every man's individual opinion. But the views of many men are extravagant. Luxurious living, pampering self, and allowing the details of living full license, will curb and interfere with the man's opinions as to the necessities of the work of God.

In this grasping, money-loving age, there is no telling where extravagances will stop. There must be a truce called.

Now, every honest man deserves a living. We were not born into this world of plenty to starve to death, and no one need starve to death. All may have a competency if they will manage their affairs with discretion and do not forget God.

Nor will it do to say that I can not give until all my debts are paid. We must take the cause of God

into copartnership with our business. The inventory of things to be maintained must have registered the great agencies which lie at the bottom of moral and social reforms. The average man must say, so much for rent, so much for the market, so much for education, so much for the cause of God. And in making the inventory it is essential that we give the gospel its true estimate. We are to mark our real indebtedness to it. We must say, How much is Christianity worth to me? Is it of any avail that my lot is thrown in the land where the Bible is an open book and written in my own language? Does it matter to me that its saving truths have saluted my bewildered ears, and touched my conscience, and made a man of me? Is it anything that I may rear my children in the presence of the most intelligent and gracious surroundings and give them the brilliant chances of Christian citizenship and freedom of conscience? Can I fully appreciate the blessings of pardoned sins, acceptance with Heaven, and the joys of Christian fellowship, where heart beats to heart and the tenderest ministries make up the sum of all the hours? How much is it worth to me to triumph by grace, to sing amidst my sorrows, to have a well-grounded hope of immortality?

Then, we must consider what the consequences would be should the gospel be blotted out of exist-

ence, all the churches burned into ashes, all the ministers of the gospel going into secular employments, all the religious presses of the land dedicated to evil,—none to preach the truth, none to administer the holy sacraments, none to pray for the sick, or cheer the dying, or bury the dead. What if all Sunday-school instruction were abolished, all meetings for prayer discontinued, all revivals obliterated? Then human nature would indeed run riot; then the rum-fiend would double its victims, licentiousness would go unrestrained, and all forms of vice be fat and flourishing.

For the moral weight of Christianity is marvelous. It is more powerful than courts and prisons. The absolutely incorrigible must be thrust behind bolts and bars, 't is true; but remove the moral force of the gospel, dry up the fountains of truth in the Church, let public opinion get strongly corrupted, and society can not exist.

It is no holiday affair, then, to turn back the tides of evil—no holiday affair to overthrow the false opinions of men and the blunders about religion, which they have evolved from their fertile but wicked brains. It takes a full combination of all the forces of truth and righteousness, a concentration of effort, a tremendous upheaval of all right impulses.

What millions of money are spent every year by us in the deadly work of enslaving men in strong drink! What millions to keep the American people puffing away at their pipes, and making public places foul by their constant spitting of tobacco! This terrific waste that goes forward should not only alarm us, but make us resolve to retrench and appropriate the same to benevolent purposes.

Then, there is the crying sin of keeping up appearances—that unmeasured cringing to fashion, that unstinted use of money in pleasure-seeking by rail. It must stop somewhere and some day. Retrenching at the house of the Lord will work mischief. Every lawful claim Christianity makes upon us we should heed with honor and becoming fidelity. A young man with a moderate salary, by using method, may be able to surprise himself by the aggregation of his gifts. It is not what I would do if thus and so happened, but what I will do with my present surroundings and in my present circumstances. To take a sharpened lead-pencil and note the income of a week, and divide it by ten, and appropriate that tenth to the cause of truth and humanity, takes courage and grace; but it altogether pays.

PART FOURTH—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The Holy Spirit is an almighty and self-determining personality. He is a potent factor in the matter of man's salvation. In order to fill up the measure of our power, it is necessary that we should have clear and well-defined views of this divine agency. We must be able to say that our hope is not a mental delusion. Nor shall we live in a state of presumption, or give undue liberty to conscience.

The very nature of the work wrought upon our natures, fixes a point from which we may move out and onward. In the old English times it was customary, in buying a piece of ground, that the seller would, upon the closing of the bargain, throw a piece of turf into the hat of the buyer, as a pledge of sincerity in the transaction; or in buying a house, a little part of the thatched roof passed from one to another. The same thought is found in the transactions of the present day in giving and taking earnest money.

When the work of regeneration goes forward in the soul the transaction is certified to. In going from the dark cell of a prison out into the pure sunlight, a change occurs upon the optic nerve; and it would be worse than folly to say to one who is in

the dungeon, "Just believe, and you are in the sunlight;" or to one who is under the light of the broad, open day, "You are yet in the darkness." So the change wrought upon our natures is a translation from darkness into light.

A slave is conscious of the difference between a crust of bread, the lash of an overseer, and the oppression of his every-day life—between that and the blessings of freedom.

But this personality is able to dominate the whole spiritual life, and make it fruitful in all manner of holy affections and deeds of honor. He can control our every desire, shape our every purpose, and regulate our every aspiration. The unquestioned condition is that in which there is a daily illumination and sanctification of the inner powers.

Without this indwelling, human plans are comparatively worthless and human aspirations utterly vain.

It is the one healthful, helpful force needed by the world this day: Power—the power of the Spirit.

In one way or another all men wish for power; and they indeed have it, in some one of its varied forms.

In mechanics, power is said to be the force that drives matter. In law, it is the authority one

person gives to another to act for him in matters involving great responsibilities—the power of attorney.

In optics, it is the capabilities of a lens to see what otherwise would be hidden.

Gravitation, heat, light, magnetism—all are exponents of power.

In intellectual processes it is eloquence—the art of persuasion.

But all these are the vulgar forms of power, when contrasted with that spiritual force begotten of the Holy Spirit, drawing us toward Calvary, giving to the soul a new vision, warming the affectional nature, illuminating the understanding, and persuading us of the things which lie beyond the present scenes.

The picture of Worship in the Temple of Jerusalem would be worthy of an artist's pencil. Multitudes are marching into the holy courts, with songs and instruments of music. The priests, clad in sacred garments, attend to the required duties. Sacrifices are smoking upon the altar; censers are swung and barley-loaves are waved; the people pour their gold and silver into the treasury-basin; the Hallel is chanted amid the responses of the people. But hark! It is a voice out of the Unseen: "I delight not in the blood of your sacri-

fices. When you spread your hands, I will hide my eyes."

What does it mean?

There is another scene! It is in an upper room. A few men and women of prayer are gathered, all of whom have been walking amid the shadows. Their Leader has been removed from them. He parted with them, and passed into the heavenly places. These wait according to the conditions. The days pass by, but no answer to their prayer that has in it full satisfaction. The promise is ripe, though, and their faith has climbed up to the highest rung of spiritual desire. A sound! It is as the rushing of the wind. It fills the house. It fills the heart. Tongues of fire sit upon each. Their mouths are full of wisdom and holy joy; and so, with heroic purposes beating high, they go forth to duty.

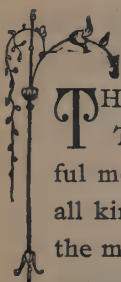
There is no substitute for power such as this. Organize as we may, elect officers and issue plans and adopt methods, we shall be defeated in the end, unless the soul is baptized with spiritual power. It is not the result of our intuitions, nor of our intellectual processes, nor of the position we may be holding in society, nor abundance of means, nor yet the exhilaration due to a fine flow of spirits or of extraordinary health.

It is that supernatural, divine, regnant influence falling upon us by prayer, filling the soul with light and love and peace and joy. It is the highest type of power known to men, and may be had by asking and waiting.

Hezitation is Weakness.



Chapter Sixth.



THE HIGH-WATER MARK.

THESE are mountain ranges that are unique. They look as if nature had been in a playful mood the day they were created. There are all kinds of ridges and unnatural summits, and the most grotesque shapes, appearing hither and yon. Take that solitary peak bathing itself in the sunlight. View it as the air is rent by storm, as the thunders peal and break about its crown, or the lightnings gleam and flash and burn at its base. See it at the midnight hour, when the harvest moon is looking down upon it with gracious beams. Whenever or by whomsoever seen, it is a bold, shaggy, majestic masterpiece out of God's great workshop. Is it to teach us the power of individuality—to teach how the life of one good man may shoot up into acknowledged sublimity, even above the life of his fellows?

It is the planet Venus that is seen the summer

long in the evening sky—the brightest of the stars ; and whether chasing the sun as an evening star, or leading him in his circuit through the heavens as the star of the morning, it is the same fascinating sight. Does it teach that, in the galaxy of character, it is the life of the Christian woman that shines with greatest brilliancy, and all because her circuit brings her nearest to the Sun of Righteousness?

The perfection of character is bound up in a monosyllable. Love is the dominating force that wakes into perpetual instinct the highest possibilities of our being. There must be purity in the brain, where the thoughts lie ; purity in the “ will,” where the decisions lie ; purity in the imagination, where the pictures are made ; purity in the heart, where the emotions rule. It is impossible intellectually to apprehend God and indulge in sin, and have proper expectations of the future. This is opening the wicket, to be followed all too soon by the flood-gates themselves.

Absolute perfection is an unknown factor among men. The works of nature are complete, and can put on no higher forms of beauty or utility. No touches of an artist’s pencil can improve the outlines of an American landscape, the animated scenes of a tropical forest, or a sunset amid the Alleghanies. No skill of an architect can draft more exquisite

lines than the arch of a rainbow, the compass of the sea, or the circle of the heavens. No naturalist can imagine anything more complete or more adapted to its use than the wing of a bird, the web of a spider, or the sting of an insect. Buffon, the celebrated unbeliever, had to reverse his early decision that the Almighty made a mistake when he created the Cross-bill, because its bill was so crooked. When he found out that it lived on pine cones, he said the bill is just adapted to its use. Wild beasts make their lairs in the mountain fastnesses; the fowls of mid-air or mid-ocean are perfect in their make-up, and in harmony with their creation. The one solitary, inharmonious thing in the world is man. The moment you get into the region where he breathes and suffers, you find imperfection. There are no absolutely perfect men amongst us. And yet, amid this demoralization and defeat, there is somewhat of us that may be perfect—the heart enswathed in love, the affections turned full-flood upon the true and the good, the soul enamored of the Savior and crowned with a passion for the truth.

How beautiful a figure of the Creator's character is the sun—self-luminous, the center of attraction, the ultimate source of beauty and power in the vegetable and animal world; its shining a continuous and healthful movement, and for all men, and

on forever! Its manifestations are as diversified as the waves of the sea, and boundless as the compass of the sky. There is n't an organ of sense in the human body but responds to the truth that love is the regnant force in God's character. The eye, the ear, the nerves, the brain,—we call them all to witness. There is n't a blade of grass, or bursting bud, or fruitful tree, but what bespeaks his fidelity and fatherhood. There is n't an event in history which does not blend in its divine overruling to foreshadow man's good. The atonement is infinite love, laboring to reveal itself, and agonizing to utter its fullest wishes—birth-throes, so to speak, bringing forth supreme creations.

This divine principle of love finds a wide sphere for growth and exercise in the human heart. We can not be pure and good by choice, or resolution, or simple pledges. We may help up our life somewhat, but can not get free from envy and lust and hate. Love is an impartation. It is from above. Human affections are thrust upon things that are low-bred and mean and that perish in their use. It is the love of money, the love of power, the love of appetite, that confront us at every step in life. An idol is enthroned in the heart, and there is no place for God. But the heart, like nature, abhors a vacuum; and so, when you would teach men not to love the

world and give them a sublime object upon which to place their affections, the greater power drives out the lesser.

Love is leaven. It is the leaven of the God-head committed to the meal of the human spirit, by which the whole nature is leavened.

Love is the "good seed." It is the good seed of the kingdom planted in the heart, out of which shall spring the royal harvests of to-morrow.

And the thing is about as mysterious as both the leaven and the seed. No one can explain that subtle force in a mother's heart for her child. She will endure any fatigue, any trial and affliction, that her child may be helped. So it is that no one who is truly born of God can put his feelings into language. The mention of the Savior's name to such an one is as honey upon the lips. The inbreathing of his love is as the music of the skies. Like the flower turning toward the sun, the soul that dwells in love looks up into the face of the Holy Father with inexplainable glances.

How strange, moreover, and yet how true, that this principle of love in the heart becomes the standard by which to test all other virtues!

Gold is the standard in the commercial world. It regulates values. So when love rules the heart, love rules the hour. Everything is pleasant and

agreeable when love drives the chariot-wheels. Difficulties vanish, slights are unnoticed, injuries are forgiven, everything moves well at home or abroad. When love rules the hour, the streams of holy charity flow out and onward without stint. Duty is no yoke, prayer is a relish, the ministries of song and experience are full of harmony and good cheer. But when the heart gets out of tune, the devil of discord gets upon the throne. Love is the antidote to unbelief. It is the harbinger of peace, and hope, and long-suffering. If we haven't much intelligence, we yet may love; if no position of honor, we yet can love; if no money, if we have to suffer, still we may love. Venturing upon the atonement, we sit at Jesus' feet and hear his tender words of compassion and grace.

And, best of all, this love is capable of the highest degree of development. It may be perfected in us. To know more of the Savior is to love him better. To study him daily is to adore him daily. Follow him to the solitudes of the mountain, his prayers will move you to intense devotion. Follow him up the rugged way to Calvary, you sink into nothingness. Go out to Olivet, and become victorious over your inner self. He can satisfy every desire. He can unlock with his mystic keys every secret chamber of the soul, and enthrone

himself everywhere. With him in command, there need be no melancholy awakenings, no fearful apprehensions. When he possesses us entire, doubt is removed; faith becomes as steady as is the needle to the pole; future calculations about life are all subject to his glorious enfoldings; joy is not now a spasm, and peace has all the smoothness of an unruffled lake.

We all need to plunge into this open sea. We need to tarry at the throne until the power comes down; to stay with the sacrifice until the fire burns, the sacrifice is consumed, and we are made every whit whole. With the deep things of the Book at hand, it is no time for definitions about the higher experiences, no time for controversy; but the ever-ready spirit which says every hour, "I can not move from the cross"—this creates a paralysis of expanding joys.

And, withal, it is the only abiding portion we can have in the present. It stays with us when other things depart—when they depart to come back again, when they depart to stay from us forever. It stays when all else decays and dies. Our present life has in it the elements of decay. Things fluctuate, and disappear, and perish. Who of us need to be put upon the rack of disappointed hopes? The tenderest feelings of the heart need not be

crucified afresh at the thought of the fading beauty of mother's cheek, or that a friendship cemented by years of faithful companionship should have been ruthlessly broken in a single night. Nay! Our hopes are like the sunbeams playing hide-and-seek with the clouds of the morning. Now they brighten things all about, and one imagines that things will get clear again; but they do not abide.

Our joys are as life-boats let down from the vessel to help the struggling and shipwrecked feelings of the soul—instruments, agencies.

But love—love for Christ, love for his holy name, love for his Sabbath, and Word, and people, and cause—love is the divinest thing amongst us, and can not escape whilst at the cross.

It is the calm, blessed sunshine itself, in which the soul bathes until it is glorified. It is the tempest-tossed soul climbing up into the ship, and hailing its companions as one back from the dead. Its companionships are of the more positive types. It is the most fascinating venture the regenerated spirit is permitted to make.

Weapons there are, greater than were ever
dreamed of in Men's Philosophy.



Chapter Seventh.

FRAIL BUT CAPABLE.

TYPICAL men are worthy of attention. They stand out with decided prominence as molders of society. The Joseph of Genesis, in his home-life or after brilliant career, has some distinctive features that American youth may profitably study in imitation. Thoroughly enshrined in the affections of his father, he is thrust into all the perils of Egyptian life. His father has often been blamed for his special love; but what are you going to do with merit when you find it? As long as integrity, obedience, and devotion to truth stand over against their opposites, it is right to recognize or to despise. Joseph condemned wrongdoing. Has he been stigmatized as a tale-bearer in the matter of reporting the doings of his own brethren? Upon the other hand, when the interests of others are jeopardized through injustice, malice, or deceit of a second party, it is criminal to be silent.

Two clerks are in the same store. The one is

strictly honest, the other is pilfering daily. Should the honest clerk conceal the thievings of his comrade from the employer he is *particeps criminis*.

A man is bent upon committing a murder. He who is patent to that secret is guilty of the blood of his fellow unless he discloses the whole to the party concerned. What was anger or revenge in the presence of duty to this young man, who was sworn to the strictest integrity? His brothers were filled with hatred, ridiculed his manner of life, and refused to treat him with the Eastern courtesies. When bad men despise the good simply because they are good, it is no discredit. There are some things in this world worse than the curses of unprincipled men. One of these is to be willing to wink at evil. Whatever the wickedness was, Joseph refused to join hands with it, and he would n't keep quiet about it. He lost the friendship of some, but got into harmony with a beautiful conscience.

How much better is it to come out squarely and above-board, when invited to beer, and say, "I do not drink, and I am opposed to strong drink," than to answer, "I'll not take anything to-day!" What incomparable words are those which say, when invited to the card-table and the dance, "I am opposed to card-playing and dancing," than to say,

"I'll look on whilst you enjoy yourselves!" Tarrying, debating, hesitating,—these are the harbingers of a fall. Society to-day needs the integrity that can withstand the persuasions of evil, resist the shafts of satire—men who can say *no* when *no* is the exact word to say. How often are correct principles and the force of good habits flung to the winds under the pressure of an insinuating temptation!

Far be it from these simple pages to teach a piety that is a sickly, flabby, sentimental exotic of the hot-house. In humble and the more refined walks of life are needed those who will not fill their pockets with ill-gotten gains, take bribes, pervert judgment, and barter away principles which must lie at the root of all manly effort.

And how splendidly this young man held himself subject to the restraints of legitimate authority! God intimated that he had something for him to do in the world beyond the routine of the average life. He always lays tribute upon merit. The dramatic element in the dreams begin to unfold themselves. They are the heralds of the future. The submission of the sheaves of barley and the obeisance of the starry heavens are avant-couriers to a prospective life of devotion. The rebuke of the home au-

thority does not disturb the equilibrium of one who has been chosen, in holy purposes, to help forward the cause of right-doing.

Getting beyond parental authority is steering toward a moral Niagara. In the construction of character there is nothing quite so fatal as overriding legitimate authority. Better suffer being right than to make a breach between the soul and the sympathies and security resulting from timely obedience. This submission in inexperience, this yielding to the dictates of age, this walking in the line of providential suggestion, is of great moment, because it puts one into full sympathy with the authority of conscience and the teachings of the great Book itself. Break with rightful authority, become self-willed and heady, the latch is raised of that fatal gate which leads out into the enemy's country.

When Marcus, the Roman general, came back from Africa, and took charge of the troops which were to be used in conquering Spain, he spent months in organizing and inuring them to hardships. They were sent on wearisome marches; they were sent to dig canals and throw up breastworks. The morals of the troops were looked after. They were punished for violation of discipline; they were drilled and fired with ambition. Complaints and threats from citizens did not make him move. But

when he struck, he made havoc amongst the Spanish soldiery. They scaled the ramparts of the enemy, and wrenched from them victory after victory.

The drill-masters of self-denial, personal restraints, and submission to the details of early life, will only equip the youth of to-day for the great battles which must be fought upon American shores.

Having thrown the safeguards about his character, Joseph enters the arena of daring, suffering, and doing. Does he desire success? Success is in the brain of all who come to years. When the gypsy fortune-teller flatters one with prospective riches, distinction, and prosperity, he laughs at the superstition; but quietly it is supposed to be that much in one's favor. Good bargains at first, success in marriage, and the outlook hopeful, everybody is ready to cry, "The tide is turning to flood, and the winds are fair!" But after getting a few cable's-length from shore, one is willing to believe that the dead calm which has settled down upon the sea pre-sages a storm. The clouds are full of deceit, and the winds are getting contrary. Good wishes and the old shoes and rice flung at the bridal party upon leaving home for the happy trip, don't make it all right with us. Brilliant movements in society, and

the tender of constant congratulations, can not answer for character. Joseph had n't got far until he became a victim. The hounds of envy and malice got upon his track. The wicked felt his superiority, and could n't brook his presence.

How often is youth to-day made the victim of a slanderous spirit! Motives are impugned, actions misrepresented, reputations stabbed. Getting ahead better than others, and having a mind that knows how to think better than others, are sources of envy and hatred. Having more friends than another, having a position which pays more money than that of another, and with better prospects,—these are all targets at which an enemy may shoot.

If one has force of character sufficient to prevent him associating with tipplers, or Sabbath-breakers, or keepers of late hours, whilst these are reasons for congratulations upon the part of many, they form a ground-work for suspicion, petulancy, and uncharitable remark. Ridicule is a weapon that is easily handled. It cuts sharply, and there are few who, one time or another, have not felt its keen blade. Merit, to be merit, must be tried. The test determines the quality of the article. Moral excellence ought always to be found in the superlative degree. The refiner of gold and silver casts nothing away

but the dross. Even the sweepings are of great value. So with merit in character. But then it will be envied, and envy is a monster. Its feet are covered with wool. It can minify human virtues in others, and magnify vices. It does not keep a holiday. In the case of Joseph, it culminated in a conspiracy. The story is familiar. The resentful sneers, the plotting against his life, the kidnaping and sale into slavery, the pocketing of the silver, the crocodile tears, and the bloody clothing in the presence of parental grief, are well-known points in the history.

Nowadays, though, the attack is upon character. The good name is suspicioned; high and holy interests are assailed. The leveling process is instituted. None are free from the breath of slander. The only rule is to live above suspicion, and be strong in conscious worth.

Then the young are assailed by violent temptations. They come unbidden, and in one form or another, whether we will or whether we will not. Joseph's chastity in Potiphar's house was the test of his fidelity in virtue. Notwithstanding a long imprisonment, there is no stain upon his character. You can not picture him as a lover of intoxicants, as delighting in the gambling-room, or as a libertine. You involuntarily associate him with purity,

sobriety, honesty, and truth. How bold are the temptations in these modern times! City-life and town-life are filled with fascinating ways. There is only one door of escape; there is only one word that is worthy to be mentioned in such a presence; that word is flight. No matter what be the temptation, nor yet by whom presented, or what the temporary pleasure involved, to tarry is to fall. A sudden and precipitous flight is the only safety.

To walk upon the edge of a slumbering volcano and pitch one's tent, is to be swallowed up when it opens its angry mouth. To turn the head of the boat in the direction of the suspension bridge, and to pull the oars, is to plunge into the seething gulf below, and be carried over the rapids.

In each and every case, to tarry and debate is fool-hardiness, and the after-word of pity is the winding-sheet of a wrecked character. Here is the backbone of character.

Then, there are the perils arising from ingratitude. A picture: Two men are in prison. They are both men of rank. At least they have been serving at an Oriental court. One is the royal cook, the other the royal cup-bearer. There is also a third man in the cell. One man dreamed. Three bunches of grapes are seen, out of which is expressed a delicious drink for the king. The other

dreamed three basketfuls of bread. As they are being carried to the king's table, a flock of birds swoop down and devour them. The third party is the interpreter of the dreams. "The baker will be hanged; the butler will escape. When you are released and get back into your place, remember me. Remember that I am falsely accused and unjustly imprisoned." But the butler was an ingrate, and so the imprisonment continued two full years longer.

Ingratitude is still alive. Thankless children turn the heel upon their aged parents; thankless creditors curse the men who befriended them; capitious, critical cynics delight in passing over in silence things that are really meritorious. Whilst disinterestedness is not wholly a thing of the past, it is not always well to build upon the man who smiles so graciously upon you. We must learn to read character. The judgment must be used intelligently. The true must be courted and trusted, and, though sometimes deceived, we must not get cold toward true people, but trust them and appreciate their smallest acts if the underlying motive be that of sincerity.

What shall be the outcome of all this? All malicious intentions, all the deceit and treachery of circumstances, shall be turned into favor as such a

character passes under the review of Heaven and becomes a subject of the divine superintendency and blessing. This supernatural interposition, this overruling of the evils of men and society, constitute the rugged, granite foundations of hope. John I, of England, at the head of a great nation, but a libertine, a cringing slave to the papacy, and seeking covertly to bring that great Protestant nation to the feet of Rome,—how did the Almighty God thwart his purposes, and, through the people, compel him to sign that magnificent document of English liberties, the Magna Charta!

It is not essential to greatness in character that our deeds should be heralded abroad, or that our life should be necessarily one that brings us into prominence. Some seek notoriety in one way, and some in another. A foolhardy citizen of Ephesus thought he would immortalize himself by putting a torch to the great Temple of Diana. One Brutus thought as much when he assassinated Julius Cæsar, or J. Wilkes Booth when he shot down the friend of the Republic. The curses of the generation fall upon all such actions. But the humble are held in eternal esteem. Walking hand in hand with virtue will bring us into the paths of honor, and confer upon us responsibilities as great as we would desire.

True eminence results from royal thinking. Everything depends upon the man and the woman.

In 1749 a French babe saw the light for the first time. He was to hold in after years a prominent place in the politics of that great nation. In vain was the effort made to curb his impetuous temper, and to inculcate in him the principles of honor and truth. He joined the army, became financially embarrassed, married by intrigue a lady who had given her hand to another, and whom he afterward treated with great brutality. Polite, eloquent, born to command, but ambitious, licentious, and possessed of uncontrollable passions, his brilliant mind threw off that great Constitution of France, which was signed amidst the booming of a thousand cannons and the wild enthusiasm of the people. A great brain and great success, everybody said. But he yielded to skepticism, ruled God out of his creed, had no hour for prayer, paid allegiance to no Savior, trusted in no atonement, read out of no inspired Book, and when he died said: "Open the windows. I shall die to-day. All that can be done now is to envelop one's self in perfume, crown one's self with flowers, surround one's self with music, and sink quietly into an everlasting sleep."

In this century, and in our own land, another

child was brought into being. Born poor, struggled up amid untoward circumstances, pushed up into the higher schools, cultivated a taste for classical authorship, freshened himself with courage at the multiplied openings of life, and entered upon a career of effort under the inspiration of his own brilliant motto: "It is no honor to appear in the arena; the wreath is for those who contend." It happened that this statesman of the highest order became a humble Christian, believing in the Holy Scriptures, in the divinity of the Savior, sought out the Sunday-school, accepted a place at the Lord's table, and did honor to himself by recognizing the Christian system. In the emergencies of Civil War, when the pillars of the Republic seemed to tremble, he faced the mob in New York City, and cried: "Clouds and darkness are round about the throne of God, but justice and judgment are the habitation of that throne. Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

He is now the Nation's choice. It honors him with the supreme authority. A murderous hand strikes him down. Death is at the door. Bend low and catch the latest whisper: "I believe in God, and trust myself in his hands. Do n't be afraid to tell me frankly my condition. I am ready for the worst." The sea sobs as the life of this patriot fades

out of existence; the Princeton students scatter flowers upon the railway track as the funeral train is borne to the Capital; the Queen of England bestows a chaplet of roses; and a bereaved Nation pours out its complaint, and adds a prayer for Lucretia and the children.

Which, then? Mirabeau, the idol of France; or Garfield, a son of the gospel?

Elbow-Touches with the Pickets of Civilization.



Chapter Eighth.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS AHEAD.

 ONE more decade, and we shall salute the twentieth century. Along the horizon the tints of the morning begin to kiss the sky. It is getting daylight. When the dawn appears, it will be the winding up of six thousand years of self-sacrificing devotion upon the part of men in their conquests upon this ambitious planet. Are we to understand that the life of the race is divided into epochs of two thousand years each? Two thousand years from the settlement of the globe to the rise of the Jewish nation; two thousand more to the advent of the Supreme Man and his marvelous career. What next? Is the curtain to be rolled down until a new and final act shall get upon the stage? The signals are out, and the times are portentous. Given: The Anglo-Saxon race to aid in perfecting moral character in the aggregate. Some one has said that the beauty of a mansion can not be preserved if there is a drove of swine in the cellar,

a band of gypsies in the parlor, and a brood of vultures in the garret. Well, the crown of the race will never be set until the proper principles are enthroned in the life of the people. The average citizen must aspire to the highest thought and service. The consummate flower of the world's civilization will never bloom until the conditions are fully met.

The Argonauts ventured over many seas and braved the perils of the deep for the sake of the golden fleece. They did not listen to the silvery voices of the Sirens, but swept grandly past them in their earnest pursuit. We are face to face with many serious problems in the home, in the workshop, in social and political life. We must not be soothed into deadly slumbers by deceitful voices, nor be willing to walk in the footsteps of former generations. The nations which have stranded upon the rocks of national pride, prosperity, and self-complacency, are memorials of the unchanging laws which control men and peoples. The wrecks are even now strewing the beach of the past, and are so many cautionary signals.

The whole of this century has witnessed remarkable progress in the line of reforms and of a better civilization, and with no people so distinctively as with the Anglo-Saxons.

It is well known that the eighteenth century

was a great improvement upon its predecessors, but it went out in a spasm. I refer to that exhibition of bloody scenes known as the French Revolution. Later, Napoleon sauntered sullenly under the elms at St. Helena, brooding over his inglorious defeats. At the same time the allied powers of Europe, in their representatives, were grouped about a table in Vienna, trying to disentangle the skein which Napoleon had so badly knotted. That conference had a marvelous opportunity. The map of Europe had been completely changed. Scores and hundreds of petty princes had been robbed of their authority. Is it too much to say that if such men as Washington, or Lincoln, or Grant—wise, philanthropic, good—had had the adjusting of the affairs of that Congress, that the whole of Europe would have made gigantic strides toward constitutional liberty and free government? It remained for the Anglo-Saxon race, led by the British Government, to shortly put the plowshare into the soil of philanthropic movements, leading in this direction.

The photographs of social and political life at the beginning of this century are very much shaded. The authors say that our farmers were so poor that they could n't stock their farms; that they lived in the meanest kind of houses, and could hardly get the necessaries of life. The taxes were so high that

men were driven to desperation in business and commercial affairs. The laws were oppressive; the prisons were full of prisoners, of men who could n't pay their debts, and men were hanged for the most trifling offenses.

It was amid this state of affairs that the Anglo-Saxon idea, evolved from the New Testament, began to assert itself; viz., that this planet was made for *men*—for men irrespective of blood, color, or previous condition. The Bill of Reform, by which the people were given a distinct voice in the Government, though stoutly resisted by the higher classes, became a popular movement and a leading factor in revolutionizing the despotism of blood and money which had settled down upon the nations of the Old World.

With the accession of Queen Victoria there came another uplift. During the fifty or more years of her wise reign, England has had to grapple with some mighty problems. Though hardly equal to every emergency, the trend of affairs has ever been toward the higher ideals of justice and manhood, which are manifestly the birthright of the offspring of God.

The abolition of the African slave-trade, the emancipation of eight hundred millions of human beings in the British Colonies, the Charter of Rights

to the Jews and the Roman Catholics, together with the humanizing and illuminating tendencies in India, all combine to give her an eminent place in the outgrowth and progressive movements of philanthropic ideas.

When you come across the Atlantic, the horizon extends itself, and the vision becomes clarified. Watch the currents of social and political events, and say whether it is not true that the Anglo-Saxon mind is in "orders," and that America is to become the high-priest in philanthropic ministries to all the peoples who dwell upon this globe. America is, evidently, ordained of God to mold the thought and manage the destinies of the world.

What do you see? Five millions of hardy pioneers at the threshold of the century, blazing their way through the Old-World theories of an aristocracy of money, position, and birth, and a government for the privileged classes alone. Five millions of sturdy and honest masons are in the cellar of the Republic, laying the foundation-stones broad and deep. The verdict of their sons is that they were splendid mechanics. They set the plumb-line of justice and truth upon the thing. They squared it in liberty and good sense. They did not hobnob with the divine rights of kings; they did not quietly submit to the dictation of the centuries. They

ventured out upon the sea of providential dealing, and steered for the port. The bier of the Nation was draped in mourning at the death of that gallant patriot and Christian general, Washington; but the spirit of patriotism and philanthropy was far from being dead.

That golden charter of American independence crystallized itself in the hearts of the people. The right of petition, the right of discussion, the right of appeal from the few or many, the right of resistance in arms under certain circumstances, were all fundamentals, and enunciated and defended with great clearness. Religious tolerance was also in the air. The right of the ballot was soon followed by the repeal of the Alien Laws, by which the President had been allowed to exclude foreigners from the country. Then came the repeal of the Sedition Laws, and the granting of liberty to speech and press.

Anything else springing to the front as an equipment for the Anglo-Saxon mind in its office as tutor? O yes. On through the years the trend is correct. Hark! Columbia is unlocking the handcuffs of four millions of slaves in the Southland! At the clanking of the chains, as they are thrown down at the black man's feet, the whole civilized

globe sets up a song. There are open gates at all of her ports, and the index-finger points to the wide-spread opportunities in city and mountain, in prairie and mine. Put on your eye-glasses, and watch the progress of her public-school system, her hospitals and homes.

It is worse than idle to shut one's eyes to the "perils" of liberty. Liberty may become a very much-abused word. Indeed, the red lights are dancing along the track in alarming numbers. What shall be said? Let it be said that if the men of the Republic have n't backbone enough to stand by our cherished liberties, and defend them from the insinuating touches of the Vatican, we shall have to transfer the leadership to our wives and mothers. If we can not drive back the rum-fiend, guard the first day of the week, harmonize the relations of capital and labor, keep down the illiteracy of the country, we must take a few lessons on moral courage from the men and women who preceded us. Dribbling political idiots should n't disgrace their ancestry.

M. Guizot, Napoleon-like, marshals France at the head of the column of modern civilization. But M. Guizot must excuse us. A nation so erratic, heady, fluctuating; that enthrones its idol to-day, casts it

into the gutter to-morrow, and the third day swears that it never had an idol,—such a nation is hardly worthy of leadership in the advancing column.

French history is a kaleidoscope. It is full of contradictions, contrasts, absurdities. Its changes have been abrupt and precipitous. From monarchy to republic, to directory, and back again to monarchy and republic—really, M. Guizot must excuse us!

In literature, as in other fields, the Anglo-Saxons must lead. What have they originated? what developed? what preserved? What can be transmitted? The age of Queen Elizabeth has, perhaps, never had a successor. We all christen it the Golden Age. It was absolutely genius in action. And yet it is doubtful whether there ever was a full century so prolific in methods, so positive in purpose, or so wide-awake in establishing good precedents as the nineteenth. The whole trend has been in the direction of a wise and exalted Christian scholarship.

Mark the brilliant delineations of character in Macaulay, and the vivid portraiture of the times which he covers! See the colors in the brush of that royal painter Prescott, as he puts upon the canvas the successive events in Spanish and American history!

Could there be anything more exhilarating in

the line of historical romance than the glimpses of life from the picturesque pen of Walter Scott? Then, there is Irving and Bancroft, Thackeray and Dickens, Motley and Mrs. Browning, Wordsworth and Helen Jackson—nay, a great galaxy of magnificent minds—whose luster shall not grow dim so long as memory shall retain its throne.

But these are only representative men and women. The century just closing is full of them, and their late and early deeds are embalmed in the hearts of grateful millions.

And it is a good sign when the money of the times is falling in love with scholarship. Without a great deal of bluster, thoughtful men are consecrating great fortunes to scientific, scholastic, theological, and industrial institutions. The future weal of the youth of America seems to be lying hard upon the brain of their awakened purposes. So, also, the State has wisely resolved upon bold achievements. It believes that trained teachers, trained artisans, competent guides for youth, as well as wholesome intellectual pursuits, lie at the basis of true national health and greatness, as expressed in the lives of her nameless citizens.

The press, too, notwithstanding the parasites which continually prey upon its vitality in the shape of unprincipled reporters, Sunday editions, and

editors who may be bribed—the press has had, is having, and will continue to have, great courage in giving to the public mind its conscious self-poise and self-assertion. We need not even despair of the Anglo-Saxon press as a factor in the perfect reconstruction of society.

There are also other humanizing tendencies in educational lines which assure us of the Anglo-Saxon supremacy. Students of history, science, literature, and even philosophy, amongst working-men; students in the counting-room, kitchen, and elsewhere; young persons bent upon higher attainments; middle-aged, brow-beating difficulties, conquering original dullness, and pushing through years of earnest study,—challenge our highest admiration because of prophecies of the future.

And there is a refined moral and religious trend about these educational movements which is distinctively Anglo-Saxon. What would be thought of the students of some of our foremost colleges should they attempt to spend their vacations in traveling from town to town and from city to city in idleness and vice, claiming to be students of theology, but guilty of burglaries, or card-playing, and like devious practices? And yet, upon the best authority, it is stated that such a state of things

existed in the German and French universities in the thirteenth century.

And this peculiar trend has its legitimate source. Signor Gavazzi, the great Italian orator, gave the clue to this wonderful uplift in American society. He was himself a fine specimen of intellectual and physical manhood, and had on that day a brilliant audience in Henry Ward Beecher's Church. He had discoursed for an hour on his favorite theme, "Italian Unity and the Free Church of Italy." He then extolled American genius, thrift, and scholarship, when suddenly he straightened himself in his best style and with a peculiar shrug of the shoulders, and, clapping his hands upon either side of his face, he squeaked out in his falsetto voice: "What makes America so great? What makes her so great?" Before the audience could recover itself, being convulsed with laughter at his singular attitude and gestures, he shouted out at the top of his voice: "Ze Bible! Ze Bible! Ze Bible!"

The influence of our Anglo-Saxon civilization is magnetic. What means the rearing of that fine statue in the very face of the Vatican, in the year of grace, 1889, of Giordano Bruno, a martyr to liberty, as he understood it? What does it mean? It means that the world is outgrowing the mediæval

heresies represented by the man who sits in the chair of St. Peter and exalts and curses at pleasure. The Jesuits must go! They must get out of America. Good-bye!

The world moves forward. Out of the nineteen leading Governments of Europe, Russia is the single absolute monarchy; and it is impossible not to sympathize with that wing of the Nihilists which would throw off such an abominable yoke. All the other eighteen Governments have an upper and lower house of authority. Sometimes in one, sometimes in both, the delegates are appointed by male citizens of a given age, with property qualifications. Roumania has touched the highest point, in that her voters are male citizens over twenty-five years of age who can read and write. Ahead of America, although she kindled her fires at our hearth-stone. It might be well to get back some of the coals.

What does all this mean? It means that the family of nations shall one day inscribe upon its banners the golden maxim of Mr. Lincoln, that "consummate flower" of our latter-day civilization, "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from off the face of the whole earth."

What is the relation, then, of Christian scholarship and Christian living to the possibilities of these

ever-widening, ever-expanding forces of Anglo-Saxon civilization? The ultimate power in the free commonwealth may, indeed, be the people. Passion, the greed for money, prejudice and appetite, may often get the ascendancy; but reason and religion must come to the front at last. Men in their sane moments are not willing to cast the pilot overboard in the roughness of the storm, nor risk the perils of unknown waters. When passion's spree is over, they are heard to say: "The lines should always be taut, the sails flung to the breeze, and the proper officer at the helm." The thinkers were rulers yesterday, they will be the rulers to-morrow.

Quaint old Henry Thoreau once said: "When you want to drive a nail, do not fool around trying to set it in the plastering on the wall. If you do, you'll strike a lath, and you will hear the pieces dropping down in the inside. But drive your nail where it will stay; then go round on the other side and clinch it, so that when you wake up at night you can say: 'My work was done with satisfaction.'"

One night the harvest moon was sweeping through the sky. Dark, frowning, sullen clouds were drifting along. Conflicting currents of air drove them toward each other like so many angry assailants. Back and forth they rushed, and struggled and fought as if for victory. Like so many

batteries, they were charged with electricity, the forked, fiery currents meanwhile darted in and out, and swept through the rifts as if they would rend them to pieces. All this while the moon was hid, the edges of gold alone indicating that it still was there. At length the battle of the clouds ceased. A stiff south wind drove them asunder, and in a moment they had disappeared. But the Queen of the Evening did not know that they had been there.

How like the conflicting evils which prey upon society—the vain philosophies of men, the hereditary taints, the mischievous dogmas, the conflicting passions, the unshapen doubts, the blasted lives! Back and forth the thunderbolts are driven—back and forth from one generation to another. Many times the truth seems to be hid; but by and by the contestants get exhausted. They fade out of life, the arena is abandoned, but the truth remains. On and on, through the illimitable periods of the lifetime of the race, it burns, and gleams, and shines, like a fiery planet sweeping through the sky.

It belongs to young Anglo-Saxon manhood and womanhood to enter the arena of truth, and stand for its defense. We are to regard ourselves as factors in the career of this advanced and advancing civilization.

“ Ring, O bells, beside the shore,
O'er and o'er ;
Where the forest temple waits,
And uplifts her hundred gales
To the eager feet of youth,
To the seeker for the truth.”

CHAUTAUQUA SONG.



Chapter Ninth.

A SPECIAL GOAL.

CHAUTAUQUA has become a magical word. Rescued from the oblivion of the red man's vocabulary, it is the synonym for all manner of healthy recreation in literature, reform, and sprightly living. It is none the less charming because it makes its home in the woods, and claims the midsummer as its own. The lake of the same name, upon whose bank, in New York, this great educational venture is established, lies in its channel, like a second Gennesaret. It has many historic associations. When it was that the Creator scooped out its magnificent bed; when it was that he gave to the silvery sheen its power to mirror forth your face or his own splendid sky, none knoweth. When was it that he gave to the undulating hills their dress of green, their wealth of fruits? How short a while back we can go! We call it the long ago—two centuries. But what of the seventeen centuries? What of the cycles back

of them? Some skeleton mounds and implements of warfare, turned over by the plow of the early settlers, reveal a civilization back of the American Indian. Who, what, and when? All is silent. Then came the Iroquois, then the Dutch, then the Yankees—survival of the fittest. Take one of the elegant steamers on the lake, and land at the Chautauqua wharf. About you is the mystic grove. What a fascination there is about the woods! In the opening spring, the deepening summer, or the latest autumn, how much of the supernatural is thrust upon us when face to face with the silences, secrets, and destinies of nature!

No wonder the Druids went into the depth of the woods to worship. There they built their sacrificial altars, gathered the mistletoe, indulged their bloody rites, and read the destinies of men and nations in the fluctuations of wandering stars.

It was Ruskin who said: "What a beautiful thought it was when God thought of making a tree!" Well, at Chautauqua you will find the oak and maple, the beech and hickory, with their trailing boughs and their shimmering leaves, throbbing and palpitating with life from root to tip, and joyous all with song of birds. There, too, are the slanting shadows, the soft winds whispering at dawn of day or at its death, the great rocks—sentinels of

power—the mosses, ferns, and creeping vines, the gentian, columbine, and ever-welcome golden-rod. All these waken into faithful instinct at once love to Him whose power and wisdom are so signally displayed.

To some, nature is nothing. Recently a friend of mine was standing upon an elevated plateau, and was extracting exquisite things out of the brilliant sunset. The sky was crimsoned with a glory hardly belonging to earth. A magnificent stretch of silver clouds were piling themselves upon each other, until they looked like a thousand Alpine cliffs tipped with gold. Turning to a gentleman, he said, almost out of breath: "Do you see those magnificent clouds there?"

The stranger paused a moment, and coolly replied: "O yes. I think they must be full of wind!"

The Chautauqua grove, with its three hundred acres, is not materially different from an ordinary wood, albeit its eastern stretch is washed by the waters of the historic inland lake, and hundreds of beautiful cottages adorn its avenues, and crowds of interesting people throng its seclusive ways.

But the encampment is altogether different. It is unique. Some Christian scholars purchased this grove, and dedicated it to science, religion, reform,

and recreation. It has become the most charming literary venture of the age.

With vastly better principles, and under the leadership of a divine Book, it is a reproduction of the old Grecian idea by which Zeno, Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle endeavored to freshen the intellectual tastes and impulses of Grecian youth at the classic shades of the Porch and the Academy.

St. Paul did not condemn the Athenians for their culture and civilization when he visited them; he only condemned their false philosophies and superstitious rites in religion. He was a scholar himself of the first order. His love of the beautiful was increased by his love for God. He looked upon Athens as a museum of art. The splendid pieces of architecture, the splendid pieces of sculpturing, the venerable mountains, the historic streams and romantic glades, filled him with awe. The monuments, altars, and public buildings were, many of them, dedicated to patriotism and scholarship. Paul was both scholar and patriot. He struck hard blows, though, at the materialism of the day, at the stoicism and epicureanism of the times. His righteous soul was stirred at their idolatry, wrought up, as it was, into a systematic and powerful scheme. He saw that it made the people voluptuous, selfish, unscrupulous, effeminate, and false. He had been in

a divine school. The idea of the Christ, crucified, risen, and glorified, had possession of him. The empty sepulcher, the folded napkin, the attending angels, the greetings of the Master, the ascension, the promise of a second coming, were all thrillingly bold and exhilarating pleasures of intellect and heart.

Chautauqua is built upon Christ. The Bible, as an authentic, inspired, omnipotent book, lies at the basis of the whole movement. In its history, whether on the platform, at the desk or school, there has never appeared the least shadow of innuendo against the glorious old Book. Like the perpetual fires of the vestal virgins on the altar at Rome, love for God's Word does not die out. Whatever is deepest in reverence, profoundest in investigation, most wholesome in defense, have been freely and conscientiously given unto it.

The age in which we live has turned to examine the foundations of things. Never were atheistic scientists and philosophers bolder in taking positions, or more tenacious in maintaining theories which long ago had spent their force; hunting for the pre-adamite man; hunting for the processes of spontaneous generation and the primal causes of life; talking learnedly and loudly of "star-dust" and "sky vortices;" and, in a word, trying to arraign the Bible at the bar of science and to thrust a bridge-

less chasm between the soul of man and the Almighty Creator.

True scholarship does not avoid investigation, and the Christian scholarship of Chautauqua does not quail before the most enlightened and cultured scientific thought. It has planted itself upon the divine Book, and laughs to scorn any effort to make irreconcilable science and revelation. The great scheme of normal class-work has to do with methods of interpreting the Bible, methods for illustrating Bible truth, and methods for analyzing the same.

It is a beautiful sight to look in upon a number of large divisions of Sunday-school teachers, studying for weeks the principles and methods of interpretation and communicating truth—primary teachers becoming skilled in their departments, teachers of adult and intermediate classes—all absorbed in class-drills, passing through written examinations, and receiving diplomas based upon merit, even as secular teachers pass the drills of the normal schools in our State institutions.

To aid in such a work, there is also the study of models. Palestine Park gives the Holy Land in miniature. It consists of a plot of ground several hundred yards in length, laid out upon a scale of two feet to the mile for horizontal distances, and one foot for three hundred and eighty for vertical

distances. The lake answers for the Mediterranean Sea; and along the coast are located in miniature the sea-port towns of Joppa, Tyre, Sidon, Gaza, etc. On entering from the south, you touch Beersheba, where Abraham dwelt; Hebron, one of the oldest cities in the land; thence to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the country of Judea. To the east lie the Dead Sea and the mountains of Moab. Northward, as you advance, is Samaria, the plain of Esdraelon, Carmel, etc.; thence to the north and east, where the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon show the sources of the Jordan; and in the extreme north the renowned Damascus, "the Eye of the East." The Bible student, with the Book in hand, may sit here and locate with interest the points of Old and New Testament history with decision and delight. The model of Jerusalem is no less interesting, with its tiny houses, narrow streets, towers, and public buildings. Other models, as those of the Jewish Tabernacle, Pyramids, Ark of the Covenant, and Temple, call up tender but golden historic incidents.

An extensive archæological museum is forming, which contains specimens of the flora and fauna of the Holy Land, minerals, fossil remains, Oriental coins, costumes, farming implements, household utensils, idols, photographic scenes, cast of the

winged bull of Nineveh, winged lion, *fac-simile* of the Moabite stone, Rosetta stone, and ancient and Egyptian obelisks.

The historical exhibition is a veritable tableau of history. The world's civilization is divided into seven epochs—Greek, Roman, Middle Ages, Renaissance, Seventeenth Century, Eighteenth Century, and Nineteenth Century.

“In the Greek Room you will meet the athlete, the philosopher, the sophist, the sculptor, the actor, and the poet.

“In the Roman Room you will meet the soldier, the advocate, the gladiator, and functionaries, both civil and religious, without number.

“In the Mediæval Room you will meet the saint and the king, knights and monks, priests and lords, pilgrims, minstrels, robbers, and buffoons.

“In the Shakespearean Room you will meet the artist, the humanist, and the reformer, the captain, the virtuoso, the adventurer, and the despot.

“In the Cromwellian Room you will be introduced to the Spanish cavalier, the French minister, and many English scholars and divines. In the Voltairean Room you will meet with courtiers, gentlemen, and deists. In the room with Abraham Lincoln you will find the business man, the engineer, the capitalist, the journalist, and the ‘sci-

entist.' Then seven rooms on the seven ages of Europe. Having passed through them, you can decide in which age you would prefer to live. Seventy-five generations of men stand between the athlete and sophist, and the engineer and scientist. To know these generations is to know history."

In the line of the highest Christian scholarship, questions of science, patriotism, missionary effort, temperance reform, health, and religion are considered in lectures, talks, addresses, and conversaziones, by the leading men of the country. This feast of reason and flow of soul is a daily luxury for weeks; so that if it were not for the variety and change from grave to gay, from lecture to concert, from sermon to stereopticon talk, the surfeit would be great.

It was General Garfield who said, in his visit there in 1880:

"Gentlemen, you are struggling with one of the two great problems of civilization. The first is a very old struggle. It is how we shall get any leisure. That is the problem of every hammer-stroke, of every blow that labor has struck since the foundation of the world. The second is, what to do with our leisure when we have it. I take it that Chautauqua has assailed this second problem. We are getting over the business of varnishing our

'native woods' and painting them. We are getting down to the real grain, and finding out what is best and truest in it; and if Chautauqua is helping to garnish our people with the native stuff that is in them, rather than with the paint and varnish and gewgaws of culture, it is doing well."

Marine fire-works, illuminated fleet, moonlight excursions on the lake, boating, bathing, lawn-tennis, calisthenics, make up the hours of recreation.

But is Chautauqua not superficial? And should not the Christian Church let the work of mental culture alone? Chautauqua proposes simply to macadamize the royal road to learning, to open up to the average man the path to the springs of knowledge, to stimulate independent thought, to bring all truth into harmony with our life, and to act as a breakwater to the tide of skepticism and unbelief which comes pouring in upon us.

The Schools of Correspondence are taking on all the forms of practical usefulness. The School of Theology gives attention to Church history, social science, and the whole field of doctrine, and a developing Christian life. The School of Languages, after the natural method of teaching, the Schools of Music, Oratory, Photography, Phonography, and others, are sources of practical development.

At a thousand sensitive points this movement touches society. The average youth may find here the freshest and fullest opportunity for self-help that is available anywhere.

Through the Literary and Scientific Circle, by its course of reading in all the fields of literature, the busy farmer, apprentice, housewife, kitchen-girl, may be helped up into most delightful experiences. The course is a thoroughly thought-out and thoroughly wrought-out system, with a wide scope, fertile in its resources, and intensely quickening in its tendencies.

The time was when physical culture was largely insisted upon to the exclusion of the mental. A stalwart frame, well-developed muscles, and iron nerves were sought after with great eagerness. The fragments of classic statuary now in our museums are evidences of the commanding sentiment in this particular amongst the Greeks and Romans. Later on, courage was the strong elemental idea in culture; and so the young knights of the Middle Ages were instructed to join the Crusades in rescuing the Holy Land from the grip of the infidel.

Without depreciating physical exercise, or in anywise discounting the tendencies to develop these powers, let it be said, once and for all, that the intel-

lect must be on the throne and the proper drill in intellectual calisthenics is the demand of the present hour.

The Christian who leans too strongly to the emotional, cultivates his feelings to excess, will soon find himself to be what one has aptly called a lop-sided fellow.

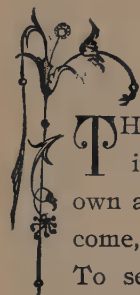
What we need is to stimulate our mental activities, to rouse our mental curiosity, to exercise our mental ingenuity, to get a keen relish for intellectual pursuits, to get able to thoroughly analyze a book, analyze a sermon or a poem or a lecture, think for ourselves, widen the horizon about us, get the vision perfectly clear, and then lay our little acquisitions and talents at the feet of the King of men.

Resolved, That Wit and Merriment and
Exuberant Spirits are Features
of Our Heritage.



Chapter Tenth.

AT PLAY.



THE social circle is instinct with pleas for its own existence. It lives by right of its own authority to bless the world. It must become, also, its own servant, if it would prosper. To serve well, it will be necessary for it to broaden its horizon; to get upon some of the hill-tops and take in the whole situation. It must look beyond the narrow limits of present gratification. If its tendencies are in the direction of the noblest thinking and the most perfect living, there will follow the most perfect and capable pleasures. Whence, then, should spring the charms of the social circle? Certainly from a lofty ideal—from a high conception. This ideal should never become a creature of mere chance or of temporary gratification. We should select the best things in amusements, even as we are wont to do in other things. We do not wish to be put off with even average

things. Our ideal must be born of a high purpose and out of a desire to touch the noblest things. Can we adopt this principle in selecting amusements? Can we spend evenings profitably without the dance or the card-table? If we are not willing to try and touch the best things, it is idle to argue. Goethe says: "What we wish for in youth comes in heaps on us in old age." That is the truth. Dancing, as a factor in society, can not furnish the highest testimonials, nor can those who beat about the card-table claim that social hour as of the most elevating and refining tendencies.

Some one has glibly said that "dancing, whist, and euchre are tickets of admission to the dress-circle of mankind; that being masters here, enables youth to judge intelligently of much on which otherwise they would give but a pedantic squint." But these same men say anything that will carry. They say the thing that suits their tastes and unbridled desires.

Experience determines everywhere that there should be a high standard in talking and doing. Conscience can not be recognized as that standard. The conscience is elastic. It can be so stretched that men may say Good Lord and Good Devil in the same breath. The real ticket of admission into the best society and the best thought is a noble concep-

tion of how to live. Add to this a true estimate of our relation to others and a continuous and persistent effort at character-building, and you have the ground-work for first-class endeavor along all lines.

If, then, our amusements can have a rational basis, if they can create wholesome pleasures, if they can be repeated time and again without detriment to our best interests and make the heart jubilant under the chafings of daily cares, they are altogether worthy. If they can not win here, they merit our distrust, and should be avoided.

There are most happy and agreeable hours bound up in any social party if the resort is made to specialties.

A bright, sunny, animated conversation is always a pleasant pastime. But in order to cover the poverty of the mind in some, it will be necessary to choose a subject that is within easy range of all. To converse well is a great accomplishment, and the ready, constant, energetic practice of the art is the one thing that will develop it. But there must be something more than idle gossip, something better than the stale topics of the weather and the prospect of the peach-crop. It is possible that but few would be willing to have recorded and read by others the details of a conversation covering any hour of the day, much less the chat at the evening

hour. We are dwindling into a set of mere machines, nonnies, ciphers, by this failure to cultivate the art of conversing well.

Then, a social company may introduce with great pleasure and profit some invisible guests, who, in turn, will edify and please, according to their versatility and power. Take the "musicians"—they are always a merry-making crowd; or the "poets"—they have an unusual flow of spirits; or the "artists"—they can turn the bright side of a picture toward you with excellent effect; or the "patriots," "inventors," "discoverers;" or the "ruling sovereigns" of the past or present.

None of these are melancholy companions. They can all create mirth. They will serve us if we treat them well.

Bring in the "humorists." To illustrate: If the "poets" are to be the companions of the hour, let the parlor be beautified with a few busts of these men and women of song.

If some one special poet is to be introduced, the evening can be made all the more entertaining. Take our own Longfellow.

Let some copies of his writings be brought upon the center-table—whether in homely or elegant binding, it matters not; then some pictures of himself, his home, his study, his native town. Let some one

tell the story of his boyhood; another that of his college life; a third the "influence of his literary life upon his generation;" a fourth compare him with the brotherhood of poets, speaking of the comparative merits of his earlier and later poems; and a fifth give some account of his home-life and of his religion. Let his books become the topic of conversation. If some one will read his "Golden Legend," "Wayside Inn," "Driftwood," "Fireside," or extracts from "Evangeline," such an evening will put the soul into communion with a high order of talent, will give a keen relish for a high order of song, and yet will not lead us to build an altar to the poet, nor yet cause us to bow down at the shrine of hero-worship.

Try other poets, as Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, or Whittier. Wordsworth will put you into communion with the glories of the physical world. Mrs. Browning will lead you into the sublimities of personal characteristics. Whittier will thrill you through and through with his songs of freedom and his hatred of human slavery. Only give room for the play of originality and invention upon the part of the leader, and the pleasure of the evening is altogether assured.

Or, suppose we elect another line of thought: What cheerful fields are those where the great "vio-

linists," "pianists," or "vocalists" wander to amuse! The mere mention of some of their great names would be a splendid exercise. To speak of their qualities, their mode of life, their eccentricities, the manner in which they antagonize the brood of pessimists who go through the world croaking and complaining, and from whom most of us are saying: "Good Lord, deliver us!"—all this will intensify the interest. The conversation must not be stiff and formal, and the questions and answers, as to the best means of developing the musical talent of the village or town, must grow into practical plans for accomplishing the same. Bring in the cornet and flute, open out the piano, and let the hour ring out with good cheer from every side. All this will bring a desire for repetition, a good conscience, and a happy heart.

The microscope should be brought into requisition as a source of pleasure and gratification in the social circle. The uninitiated will be specially interested, and those who are already acquainted with the mysteries of nature will take pride in making further discoveries. The most common objects put on a new face under the mystic lens. The most powerful investigation at hand, the pleasure will be doubled. Even the ordinary microscope need not be despised. The end of a corn-cob will interest;

the web of a spider, the wing of a butterfly, a piece of conglomerate rock, or, indeed, anything that God made, will stand out with prominence in its mysterious history, and furnish food for reflection and adoration for many days. The varied forms of living matter in the aquarium, the fossil remains of the geological cabinet, the newly-cut buds or the nameless specimens of the natural world, will reveal, design, and fill the soul with troops of exhilarating pleasures. The finer the instrument, the more perfect will be the joy at the new disclosures.

A familiar and entertaining evening can be reached by an effort to analyze a book. Take "*Troy and its Remains*." By the aid of the hectograph, fac-simile copies may be made of the wonderful bronze, ivory, gold, and terra-cotta pieces, full of symbolic and historic interest, dug up by Dr. Schliemann. Take that admirable book, "*Picturesque Palestine*." The cuts may be removed, grouped in a geographical way, so that, commencing in Southern Palestine and tracing the historic sites, opening up to the vision the habits and customs of the people, you have somewhat of a tour through that interesting country by an open grate of anthracite and under the mellow rays of the German student lamp, without the expense, inconvenience, or hardships of such a trip. The pleasure will be greatly enhanced if

some one is present who has made the circuit of that land, and can entertain by incidents and observations of the journey. A portfolio of pictures can be made to serve the pleasure of a large company.

A pastime of no mean proportions may be had where one of Shakespeare's plays is read in a social way, each character being represented by a good reader, followed by good-natured criticisms. Take "Hamlet," or the "Merchant of Venice," or "Measure for Measure," or "Othello." The time will escape all too rapidly, and the refreshments and toasts will lead to good cheer and a happy adjournment.

Under the direction of one of the more skillful of a company, large pleasure can be had by noting the properties, affinities and changes which occur by means of chemical and electrical experiments. Elaborate apparatus is not necessary to create or sustain the interest in these lines, and every successful effort will lead to a more fascinating venture. The transition, too, will be easy and natural from such experiments to locating the constellations and fixed stars in the heavens, by means of the astral lantern and the cuts and charts which are found in the book-markets.

And could there be anything more simple or agreeable than to extemporize a miniature art gal-

lery, including photographs of Mr. Kemy's "Wild Animals of America," or the splendid specimens of Mr. Rogers's groups? The stereoscope and sciop-ticon are serviceable in the hands of a well-informed and capable leader.

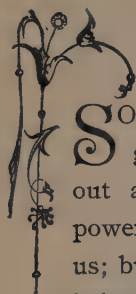
The judicious use of tableaux and charades, the study of the town architecture, the introduction of historical, biographical, and geographical games, all of which contain elements of merriment, tend toward a true intellectual and social quickening. At the present there may be found in the market a large variety of these games, including American, English, Greek, and Roman history, astronomy, literature, and kindred subjects, which in themselves combine to act as a wholesome diversion, preserve the proprieties of social life, and upon which everybody may look with decided approbation.

Brave Spirit~~s~~ are needed at the Outpost~~s~~.



Chapter Eleventh.

A FORMIDABLE BREASTWORK.



SOME time in the cycles of eternity, the globe upon which we live was thrust out among its sister worlds by an unseen power. The motive for its creation is not with us; but the act, with all its subsequent results, belongs properly to the actors upon the stage of our every-day life. The work ending, the "resting" was hallowed for the sake of humanity. The Sabbath is not, therefore, of man, but for man. The Ten Commandments outlined its obligations. In the transition from the old to the new, the seventh day of the week yielded to the first, even as redemption is greater than creation.

It has been demonstrated that one day in seven—not one in ten, or twenty, or thirty, but one in seven—is the exact ratio necessary to restore the waste of mind and body in the excessive duties of life. The rest of the night is insufficient, even amongst those who do not turn the night into day.

The men who insist on having no Sabbath, but, with an irrepressible spirit, assume duties which break in upon the hours of the holy Sabbath, are the men who go to an early grave.

As a simple humanitarian measure, the Sabbath is a weekly benediction. It is Godsend harbor amidst the tempest and the waves of secular and domestic life; it is Godsend oasis in this tramp through the desert. The fret and worry, the wear and tear of the physical system, make men naturally yearn for a day of refreshment and quiet. From the stand-point of the toiler, the homeward trudging of a Saturday evening, with dinner-pail in hand and a thought of the morrow, is of itself a restful exercise.

But to convert the day into a mere rest-day is to tear in shreds the moral obligation, and to classify men with the creation that is destitute of a moral sense.

The disposition that is upon us in some quarters—semi-infidel if not semi-demon—to cast off the moral restraints, engage in social pleasures, excursion it to the sea and the mountain, to visit the beer-gardens, to look in upon games of base-ball, should be resisted in the most vigorous and positive manner.

These great questions are forcing themselves

upon us more and more; and it is well for all of our young people to take a tenable position, and one that is altogether unequivocal. If it really means that our glorious old Sabbath, with its nameless memories, is to be ignored, if not overthrown, it is well that we should know it. It may be well for us to cast about and see who are the enemies of the day. The men who boast that they are agnostics manifestly head the column. Their negations are an insult to enlightened reason. Along with the destruction of the Book, they would blot out from the calendar the day of all others the best.

The great Roman Catholic Church, whilst regarding the day in a certain sense, yet by multiplying holy days, and throwing about them a sacredness equal to the Sabbath—by using the forenoon for the mass, and then granting permission to spend the remainder of the day as one may please—the great Roman Catholic Church must call a halt, and practice the grace of consistency. Her priests must not stand before enlightened communities in the garb of Sabbatarians, and at the [same time give loose reins to the laity to outrage the sentiment which believes in the Fourth Commandment.

The secular press of the country, by its innovation of the Sunday edition—the hawking about the

streets of the same, first by the Jew boys, but now by any one who wishes to earn tobacco money—the secular press is guilty before the bar of Christian sentiment of a breach of honor and integrity. The apology that the people demand it, is as fallacious and wickedly conceived as that other argument, that because the public reads the wholesale gossip dished out day after day, retailing the murders and nameless crimes committed, that therefore these things must be printed.

The railroad corporations of the country must be arrested by public sentiment in their ever-increasing disposition to break down the Lord's-day. The ponderous freight-trains or the smoothly-rolling express-trains drive through our quiet towns and villages as if there were no Sunday laws upon our statute-books, or as if the Almighty was not upon the throne of the universe. Under the specious plea of carrying perishable property, or cattle for the Eastern markets, their employees are denied the privileges of the sanctuary, backslide in religion, and make no provision for their souls; whilst some of the officers of the roads are sitting in cushioned pews in church, or at the head of some Sunday-school, the responsible culprits.

The mayors of our cities and towns are allowing a certain class of business men to put the wedge

into the sacredness of the Sabbath, which is being driven home with each advancing year. The open cigar and candy stores, the open barber-shops, the ice-wagons and milk-wagons, and sundry other unnecessary engagements, should be prohibited, not only by force of existing statutes, but by the public sentiment reaching such a degree of intensity that it would be regarded as disreputable to engage in the same.

Thoughtful men throughout the country are turning toward the young men and young women of our Churches to come to the front on the Sabbath question. Banded together as Endeavor Societies, Leagues, or Alliances, it is not only proper that they should have decided views upon the question, but that the sentiment and effort of the same should crystallize, that some positive movement in this direction should be made. The secular press is silent, business men are silent. Toleration is playing mischief with others. Lodges, brotherhoods, and unions meet and adjourn, from time to time, with no note of warning.

The rigid Puritanic idea of the sacredness of the day may not be deemed essential in which a man was prohibited from kissing his wife, but that golden mean by which, as the Master himself pronounced upon it, that "the Sabbath was made for man and

not man for the Sabbath," which becomes in turn a rest, a refreshment, a blessing.

The day should become one of self-culture. The standard of personal attainment in intellectual lines is altogether too low. Few read books. Good books are carefully pushed into the library cases, beautifully bound; but who reads them? After the work-day has passed, the evenings are spent in social chatting, walking the streets, or superficially glancing at the newspapers. Is there nothing better for the average man than this? What splendid incentives there are to broadening the mental horizon, but how few make the venture!

It should become, too, a day of active benevolence—the quiet visit to the sick-room, the pure and beautiful ministries to the poor, the imprisoned, the instruction of childhood, the management of the Mission Sunday-school. Here deeds may be registered which in after days shall be productive of glorious results.

Duty also points to the specific acts of religious devotion. We are not to do our own pleasure, not to do our own ways, nor speak our own thoughts, but to call the day a constant delight.

But this is the picture of many a Sabbath in American homes: Sluggish movements in the morning, lolling about in careless dress, the newspaper

read and discussed, worship neglected, an afternoon drive, formation of plans for to-morrow. Amongst the young men it is likely worse. In only a tolerable humor growing out of late hours on Saturday night, late breakfast, turning out upon the street to find their comrades at the engine-house or club-room; then a stroll, a game of chance, a glass of brandy, and in the evening a visit to the Church that has the smartest preacher and the prettiest girls. Love for the day, love for the Lord's house, love for Bible instruction, does not enter into the inventory whatever. This is all working out its legitimate but fatal results.

Nevertheless, to many, the day is pregnant with memories.

The Sabbaths of our childhood had the touch of blessed influences upon them,—the golden mornings, the magnificent landscapes, the affectionate voice at the foot of the stairs, the song and Scripture and prayer of the home worship, the frugal meal, the melody of the church-bell floating in the air, the simple exercise in the Sunday-school, the winning words of the teacher, the wending crowds to the house of worship, the old-fashioned preacher at the desk and his tender message, the afternoon and its quiet hour with a book, the eventide circle when the artists came down out of heaven and

painted the sky in amber and gold, the sweet memory song of mother, the closing hours of worship, the good-night kiss, and the dream about God. So far from being irksome or grievous, we wished for their return. They were consistent with our thoughts of duty and of our destiny, and typical of the afterward of the skies.

Confused as we are betimes in the daily round of duty and trial, absorbed in the effort to win our bread, heaven seems very far away; but the Sabbath, when spent aright, foreshadows the day when we shall greet the magnificent men and glorious women of our ancestry, who, grouped upon the distant shores of eternity, have freed themselves of the secularities of the earth, and ride upon the high places of privilege and power.

More than Blacksmith's Art is the Need
of the Present Hour.

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Chapter Twelfth.

FORGING A MISSING LINK.

THERE is manifestly a great chasm between scholarship in the Sunday-school and discipleship in the Church, which ought to be bridged. As much as we may declare that the Sunday-school is an integral part of the Church, and not an appendage, the fact nevertheless remains that a large number of our young people are yearly eliminated from the classes, to become the prey of worldliness, vice, skepticism, and general wrong-doing.

This is true after the introduction of varied appliances and requisites for creating interest and committing the people to the cause. Our schools have been classified. Every available instrumentality to perfect them has been brought forward. There are the special uniform lessons, the extensive libraries, the high order of instrumental and vocal music, the normal classes, special services for holidays, beauti-

ful rooms, charts, globes, and pictures in endless profusion. But in the chain of our endeavor there is a missing link; a link which must be forged out of somebody's love; a link which must be welded in the fires of somebody's spiritual desire and purpose; a link which, when made, is to be used for binding in one two chains which are now dissevered—the chain of personal consecration to God and the theoretical teaching of divine truth. That link is the adaptation of means to an end, rather than the use of means as an end. Who can forge, and weld, and bind that link so well as the young people of our societies?

Childhood is a marvelous force. Those who seek to instruct it, find themselves modeling in plastic thought, feeling, and character. They are shaping vessels of honor or dishonor, which shall be used in the holy of holies above and throughout eternity, or be broken into pieces upon the rocks of eternal condemnation.

The child is thrust out upon its career of living without the consent of its own volition; but once thrust out, it has wrapped up within itself all manner of brilliant possibilities in selfhood and self-assertion. If it could only be unhampered in its tremendous effort at character-building, the results would, no doubt, be glorious; but it is not. Facul-

ties are blunted by an evil master. The Holy One of Israel is limited in his gracious designs, and the way to goodness hedged about so, that if success is reached at all, it is reached through the keenest discrimination and the most positive and unconquerable faith. A single life is so far-reaching in its results, and stretches over such illimitable fields of thought and service, that what we call getting a right start is no mean work. The moment a child crosses the threshold of being, it comes into contact with forces which are constantly wrangling and disputing for the mastery. Amongst these forces are ideas—wrong ideas, right ideas; ideas which, when engrafted upon the soul, will blast and destroy every healthful thing by the wayside of character; ideas which can beautify and adorn every shrine at which the tired footman kneels.

Out, then, from the womb of one's thoughts spring the ideas which must master every individual life. Out, then, from the quarry of one's own daily conceptions is dug the substance which is to be chiseled into that beautiful and imperishable thing we are pleased to call character. If these principles be classified, the meaning is more readily perceived,—the principle of self-will, involving anger, disobedience, contempt for rightful authority; of self-conceit, involving pride, ignorance, envy, and an

unjust estimate of others; self-indulgence, involving jealousy and false ambition.

There is another class which relates more particularly to methods of living,—those low-bred, sensual conceptions of “getting on” in the world; those maxims grounded in fallacies and always misleading; those deceitful smiles by which friendship is manifested, but which have the dagger and a hand concealed ready to stab the good name.

A third class relates to the Supreme Being and our obligations to him,—those damaging sneers of unbelief which tear down but do not build up; those criminally-conceived and dastardly-written tales which fill the columns of the sensational weeklies; those hypocritical professions of some, or those unholy convictions by which one elects a life of alienation from God rather than one of prayer and devout living.

The test to which our Sunday-school work is put, is to answer in the affirmative whether we are neutralizing, eradicating, and destroying, in largest measure, the trend of these evils.

Granting that the major part of those who unite with the Church are converts from the Sunday-school classes, it is still all too true that the ratio is not half what it should be, considering the increased

facilities and wonderful opportunities for accomplishing this work.

There is a lad. He is buoyant, wide-awake, irrepressible. He is, perhaps, the brightest factor in the circle at home. Dowered with most earnest intellectual powers, his teacher prophesies great things concerning his future. But he is shy of religion. He has but little love for truth and less for the house of God. He attends the Sunday-school, and that seems to be enough. As to membership in the Church, there is ample time for that step. The crisis hour of his life is at hand, and nobody seems to know it. By an unhappy train of circumstances, he makes the acquaintance of a villainous boy. Acquaintance ripens into friendship, and friendship into a close intimacy. These boys become bosom companions. A series of low-bred, sneaking practices is the outcome. Fast upon the heels of the scurrilous story and the vulgar language is the spirit of self-complacency. Soon the restraints of home are snapped asunder, wherein he ridicules the authority of his mother. He cuts loose from his moorings at the Sunday-school and sneers at things sacred. His trunk is now locked, for it contains the latest on infidelity and perhaps obscenity. Beer is a favorite drink, and the club-room a delightful resort.

Take another instance—a girl. She is tender, affectionate, beautiful. Home has many attractions, but none so great as herself. She, too, is a member of the Sunday-school; but there is a singular lack of power somewhere in adapting means to an end. There is no close, consecutive following up of convictions and impressions. There are no personal private interviews upon the vital question of surrendering the soul to God, and of membership in the Church. There is but little else than the usual routine, and the use of means as an end, but not to an end. Presently worldly society has a stronger fascination for this girl than religious people. Irreverent fiction becomes intensely interesting. Social dancing is now defended, and apologies are made for the ball-room. Idleness follows, then ungovernable tempers, keeping company with tipplers, and in some cases shipwreck of character.

It is enough to make angels weep to look upon the stranded lives of those who set out in life's morning so hopefully. Descriptions are unnecessary. Skimming the surface of things, instead of grappling with the great questions of character and duty; dwindling into the merest shams, and becoming objects of pity, rather than the exponents of meritorious doing; discussing the last play at the theater with great warmth, but never able to out-

line the features of a book, and never devoting themselves to a reading circle or the company of intellectual people—with such an outlook, can it be wondered at that some are asking, “What will the harvest be?” Six days out of seven the young walk hard upon the edge of social and mental volcanoes—volcanoes whose slumbering fires gather force with the escape of every year, and wait but for an opportune moment when they will engulf the unsuspecting soul in irretrievable ruin. In the presence of such dangers, how unworthy is that teacher who can teach his class and attend the theater the self-same week, or who can neglect his charge until demoralization and defeat are at hand!

It is of Christ, then, to pick out of the mire of ignoble things an immortal spirit, and put it upon a career of intellectual and spiritual prosperity—of Christ to elevate the moral feelings, refine the tastes, guide the judgment, and lead out the soul into the simple but thrilling experiences of love and holiness.

Such is the work of those who assume the duties of religion, and especially those who are dowered with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth. The Master requires of us a more capable and thorough unfolding of his Father's words. He was a teacher and leader of the highest order—a spiritual and inspiring Friend. His mission was pre-eminent in this,

that it unfolded the mind and heart of heaven. How beautifully he told the story of the Father's love, and how touching the lessons of long-suffering! How graphically, too, he outlined the scheme of redemption, the relation of the guilty to the atonement, and the purposes of God toward all wrongdoing!

What lines of light are those centering about the picture of man's recovery from sin in the scenes that were to culminate in the tragic event of Calvary, about the daily life of the man who accepts Christ as a personal Savior, and the joyous experiences and thrilling destinies of those who draw near in death to the streets of gold! Nor vindictive threats, nor blandishments of the multitude, could seal his lips. By parable and prophecy, by prayer and entreaty, by anxiety and disappointment, by the faith of his disciples and the unbelief of his relatives, he declared the purposes and possibilities of his errand to men.

Our work with the young is to reproduce in spirit as well as in the letter these outline truths, and to so exemplify them in our lives that others may be saved. It is to enforce and illustrate the divine connections and divine purposes.

By our intense enthusiasm for the truth we may put ourselves into communion with those who are

just commencing life. We may impress them with the fact that the great aim of life is to get into complete harmony with the conscience and heart of the moral universe. We may urge them to press up into the higher schools, and lay broad and substantial foundations in liberal culture. We may open up the way to these schools. We may so illuminate the life of the Savior that, falling in love with the common brotherhood, they may devote themselves exclusively to its interests. Our consecrated young people may thus throw the sunlight of hope and purpose into the hearts of unnumbered thousands. Divine doors of opportunity will fling themselves wide open on every hand if we are true to God—doors into which we may press with all the wealth of accumulated resources until we reach the very throne-room of intellectual and spiritual royalty. Should we dedicate ourselves to this supreme idea and come into direct contact with those who need our help, the next generation would have throbbings greater than any that have ever been felt since the birth of Adam. "Find your purpose," says one, "and fling out your life to it, and the loftier your purpose the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself."

If we really have under our care the men and women of the future, we should realize it. The next

generation should be better and do better than this one. We ought to be able to put into the editorial chairs of the secular press, and into the seats at our Legislatures, men who will not play fast and loose with great moral questions; men who will not be cowed in the presence of a great duty, simply because they ride on a pass in the rail-cars; men who will not pander to the baser passions of public sentiment, and hold office for mercenary purposes alone. The world needs, and must have, unpurchasable men—those who will recognize moral obligations, and clothe themselves with honor, and not with shame.

The world has yet to be conquered. The twentieth century may be a crisis in the history of the globe, and the men who are to face the battles are now the lads who are under our touch.

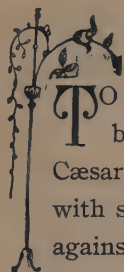
God-speed, then, to every gleaner in the fields of Christian effort! The ever-quickenings and ever-abounding help is at hand. The days are sweeping past us. Our life-time escapes. We shall soon be face to face with the results produced by our inwrought convictions and our prayerful efforts, and it shall soon be known to all who have sinned and suffered whether our work shall remain or whether it shall be burned with fire.

Tedious is the march of Truth, but she
never tires.



Chapter Thirteenth.

STRAIGHTFORWARD.



TO look into the faces of young people is to be reminded of the special legion of Julius Cæsar called the "Allauda," and which he used with such tremendous success in his expedition against the Gauls. Upon every sword, helmet, and shield were engraved a "lark," with outstretched wings, in an effort upward,—the whole a symbol of alertness.

Why? The fires of ambition are burning upon the hearth, and the thrill of expected pleasures is in the veins. You see this in the eye. It is forced upon you by the ringing laughter, the elastic step, the easy bound over difficulties, and the general abandon of the days. The footway leads through an enchanted land, where the landscapes are always under the glow of a joyous sunlight, the hill-sides fringed with the golden-rod, the bloom in the meadows, and every day there is music and love in the air. Young people wander in pairs where nature

is fresh and beautiful, where streams dance gayly by, and where the stretch of the distant mountains lends such a delightful charm to the feelings that a weird and happy consciousness possesses them entire. It is the only pure dream-land that belongs to our wakeful moments.

But as travelers over a desert are sometimes deceived by the mirage, so the brightest visions of youth may reveal unhappy retrospections and melancholy hours. But there is no need for melancholy either in age or youth. Beyond the mirage or the threatening skies there are substantial joys.

From what has already been said, we conclude that the highest type of character can not be reached by following the dictates of an enlightened intellect, cultivated judgment, or a positive will. The plow-share must go deeper than that. Along with a high degree of physical culture the Greeks blended that of the intellect, and so their young men, with splendid physique, poetic temperament, and cultivated tastes, made not only magnificent scholars, but magnificent soldiers. But scholarship and soldiery do not constitute the whole measure of our life. A knowledge of art, familiarity with science, a grasp of history, politics, philosophy, and literature, will not furnish us with the materials out of which to

construct a perfect manhood or golden womanhood.

And, then, there are untraveled highways in eternity, over which we must pass. We can not escape them. When our life fades out, which way in the universe will our spirits fly? Which point of the compass will they elect? The north? Which way is north? The south? Who can tell without a compass? With illimitable fields stretching hither and yon, and the soul a perfect stranger, she must poise bewildered in the presence of immensity, nor yet will know the choice she ought to make. *Now* the unfathomable has been reached; *now* it is the shoreless sea; *now* the eternal years!

Where are the bowers of bliss in which the pure and good are congregated, singing their joyous songs? Where is the land of which priests and peasants and poets have dreamed in their meditations of love? Where is it that flowers bloom perennially, where night succeeds no day, and where gloom and melancholy do not show their raven wings?

And where is the avenue of light and glory leading to the center of the universe, where the brave spirits walk who were once upon the earth? Where the path which the Master took when he left his friends on the crest of Olivet, gazing up

into the unfathomed dome of the sky, and wishing themselves by his side?

What will a lost spirit do in such bewilderment and trial? Wandering aimlessly amid the boundless spaces, shall she not be seized by some spirit foul which knows no peace herself, and, dragging her sister spirit down into the dismal caverns, chain her hopes during the long roll-beat of the ages?

Surely, we all need the help of the holy evangelists, who, like their Maker, are enswathed in light, singing as they move, and, sweeping down from the portals of bliss, bear up the brave spirits of the men whose lives were benedictions to the race, and whose deaths were brilliant periods upon the earth.

Whatever some men may say to the contrary, it is nevertheless true that the shadow of the style on the dial-plate points forever toward high noon for all those who are honest with themselves. As they are children of nature, every plant, and tree, and shrub; every ridge, and river, and lake, and sea; every cloud, and rainbow, and sunset, are expressions of favor from a higher power. As they are children of a mental world, every thought and purpose of the mind, every invention or discovery, every solution of a moral problem or construction of an argument, all beauty in art, all gain in busi-

ness, all power in science, all laws, all systems of belief, are but fragments of good thrown off from that infinite Power we call God. As they are children of a spirit-realm, all aspiration and desire for better things, all searchings after peace, all power of perception, all beauty of the imagination, all forecasting of future events, all speed, all knowledge, are but emanations of that Being of whom one has said that "he is himself crowned with the glories of an infinite and unfading virtue; crowned with a goodness blossoming out into every imaginable beauty—a goodness bathing the whole divine nature in the rosy light of an unutterable tenderness, mercy, and love, insuring to his creatures the most blessed results."

Communion, then, with such a power is the supreme opportunity of a life-time, and must interject into the life the possibilities of eternal things. For the Christian life does carry with it nameless rewards. Is there no remuneration in possessing a healthy and reputable name in a world where there is so much that is deceptive and rotten? Is it nothing to own a clean, wholesome conscience, where there are so many consciences in the market for sale?—nothing to be able to resist temptation, and to avoid the snares whilst the feet of others are getting tangled in the fatal web?—nothing to get

answers to prayer?—nothing in leaving behind ■
decent example for others to follow when once we
have passed the threshold of the eternities?

But now is the hour of battle; to-morrow shall
be the day of final reward. To-day we grapple with
treason to all good things; to-morrow the peans
of victory may be sung. The enemies are quick
and powerful, but he who fights with truth shall
surely win the field.

Hengest and Horsa were two bold Saxon mar-
iners of the fifth century. They loved the ocean
far better than they did the land. Nothing was so
heartsome to them as the music of the waves as
their vessels rode over the storm-swept seas. They
were pagans in their faith, and had a large follow-
ing. They taught their countrymen that to die in
battle would admit them into the halls of Valhalla—
their heaven—where they would be permitted to
drink forever the ruby wine out of the skulls of
their enemies. The Britons, overrun by the Picts
and Scots from the north, induced Hengest and
Horsa, and their comrades, to come and defend
them from their enemies. They did so, and, after
some fierce battles, overcame them. Then they
turned upon the Britons themselves, conquered
them, confiscated their houses and lands, and ruled
them with a rod of iron.

It is dangerous to invite into the sanctity of the affections that duality of power, unbelief and worldliness, that our treacherous enemies may be put to rout, as the lull after the battle will be more disastrous than the battle itself.

And there is no time to lose in securing the overshadowing influences of religion.

The time element must be considered. We must be equipped to-day. No one can bridge that awful gulf which separates the present from the past. The distance is not great, but the chasm is deep and impassable. And although the present is ours, it will be but a brief while until the same bridgeless deep will intercept our steps from it. What we need is to cultivate the power of vision; to get a bold, keen eye to see things exactly as they are, not as they seem. Many valuable things hang upon the decision of a moment.

You are enjoying a sail upon the lake. By some unforeseen circumstance the young lady at your side falls overboard. If you do not act quickly you will soon have nothing to do but to stand and beat your breast over her lifeless body as it is dragged upon the shore. It is the work of a moment, but a moment is long enough to save her life.

Your home is on fire. A few buckets of water will drown it out. You must not stand and gape at

it, or run about wildly, not knowing what to do. You must hurl the water on the devouring flame. Time is quick and men must be quick. Young men must be quick. Young women must be quick. How fast we travel in our dreams at night! In an instant of time we are in a distant city. We sell and buy. We converse with friends. Days and months and even years sweep past us. We get rich; we marry; we die and go into the unseen; and when we awake we find our sleep has only been of a few moments' duration.

Such, no doubt, shall be the surprise when eternity dawns. The dream of human things shall be past, and the real and ever-abiding shall be at hand. It does not pay to waste the hours of a ticking clock by building castles in the air, which shall collapse in an hour. Whatever should be done, should be done now. There is, among men, but little else than the semblance of things—a seeming, a shadow. Our days are as the sudden changes of a panorama or the shiftings of the stage. Who may stay the constant movements of the hours? That which engrossed us yesterday is now forgotten, and to-morrow will cancel the absorbing interests of the present.

What has become of the empires of the Old World, with the men and women who figured so largely in the events which are now only known in

history? Where is their prestige in art, diplomacy, scholarship, and arms—even their wealth and splendid pageantry and victories?

The sepulcher is the shrine where travelers pause to inquire and meditate, and then pass on.

The rapid flight of the seasons has the same tongue. Hardly does nature clothe herself in the beauty of May until the harvests are upon us, then the luxuriant growths of autumn, then the chill of the winter's morning.

The horizon bounding a little life is as changeful as the sky which bends over our heads. The fog, the storm-cloud, the sunlight, the hail, the evening calm,—these make up the warp and woof of the days, from gentle spring on until the flowers are ready again to bloom. And these seem no more necessary to the days than are their counterpart in the process of our experience.

The average life-time has become much reduced, and a new generation will be upon the stage in an insignificant while. Since life, then, is so brief, why must we hold it in rigid abeyance? Why not enjoy the present in its fullness, and when the future comes, enter the open door, and call about us the things which may then and there be found? There can only be one answer to such a question: Because of the inseparable connection between self-denial,

holiness, and permanent soul-security. To cast behind one's back the sinful trend of alienating pleasures, to trample under foot transient and unsatisfying joys, is to invite, as our constant guests, the holy evangelists of light, and hope, and power. No less a genius in the art of living than he of Stratford-on-Avon has boldly said:

"The heavens forbid but that our loves and comforts
Should increase even as our days do grow."

To all of which we yield our enthusiastic and eternal assent.

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